

## ARTHUR'S

# Home Magazine.

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### Herman Granger's Talent.

BY MINNIE W. MAY.

For five years Helen West had been an inmate of the gray-stone parsonage, and the light and comfort of the aged pastor and his wife. She was the only child of a beloved daughter, who with folded hands and closed eyes had been laid beneath the violets and daisies that dotted the spring grass, beside the little church in the village of Lynnwood. From her chamber window she could watch the evening sunshine falling aslant the white marble, and over the billows of green that marked the resting-place of her father and mother, and gilding the slender spire of the church steeple that lifted itself up from its bower of willows; the quiet village road that stretched itself out between the low hills; the sparkling water that wound itself in and out among the thick grass in a thousand fantastic curves.

But Helen's eyes were not straying beyond the white palings that marked the boundary between the parsonage garden and the highway, on this autumn evening of which I write. For an hour she had been sitting listlessly by the half open window, an unfinished garment lying in her lap, the needle fastened carelessly in its folds, slipping her thumb around her taper finger, listening idly to the low hum of voices that floated up from the room below. The tasteful apartment was purely feminine in all its arrangements, from the delicate vine of buds and leaves that traced itself along the neat carpet, to the one sweet picture above the white-draped bed; the small writing desk

that stood upon the table with a vase of flowers beside it; a few choicely selected books upon a low shelf in the corner, and a guitar with a long, floating blue ribbon hanging above it. A sweet face too had its young mistress, pure and gentle in expression; the eyes of that varying hue which always puzzles one as to their exact color, the shining hair falling in light curls that danced and quivered with every motion of the restless head; the neat, graceful figure, dressed in its plain gingham with a narrow ruffling of muslin about the snowy neck and arms, and the slight expectation revealed in the half listening attitude, as if the earnest conversation was one in which her own heart was deeply engaged.

The voices were strangely at contrast; the one, young, strong, and full of life and enthusiasm, though tempered by a slight vein of thoughtfulness running through it; the other old and feeble, but yet fired up to earnestness upon the theme that had been for half a century the one to which his life had been devoted. For more than half that period, the aged pastor had been settled over the same parish, a faithful shepherd over the little flock. Not a child in the village but loved the sound of his voice; the kindly pressure of his hand upon their heads, and the low benediction so often called from Heaven to rest upon them. And it was not strange that Herman Granger, turning from his books, and from the bustle and tumult of a life in the metropolis, to spend a few weeks in the home of his father's friend, had prolonged his visit through the summer days into the autumn that was coming on to close, so nearly, the history of the year. Nor was it strange that amid the

quiet, holy influence pervading the entire household, a new, almost unknown feeling should take possession of his mind, that his eyes should be opened more clearly to the beauties of holiness, and the stronghold of his nature be shaken by higher, purer motives of action. He had been consecrated to God in infancy, and in the years of his childhood and youth the remembrance of the solemn vows resting upon him had been his shield and protection through many temptations and dangers, which God permits to be placed all along the pathway of human life to try and purify the soul of man, and his early manhood had found him an earnest seeker to know the way to eternal life, and in accordance with the Saviour's words, he had not sought in vain. He was a firm believer in the truths of the Bible, in practical religion, and his example was noble and straightforward. But that he had a more direct work as a laborer in the vineyard of the Lord had never presented itself to him, till urged upon his attention by the faithful friend, who alike had held the office of spiritual teacher and guide to both parent and son. So while the afternoon sunshine drifted in among the silver locks of the white-haired rector, and brightened up the quaint old furniture, and the carefully kept volumes upon the study shelves, the fervent words broke over the aged lips, and found their way deep into the soul of Herman Granger.

"My dear boy, doubly dear from the ties of friendship that existed between your now sainted father and myself, are you quite sure you are not like the unfaithful servant who went and hid his talent in the earth, and that you are not mistaking the work which God intended you should perform? The profession of law which you have chosen, is truly noble, and will by perseverance and study place you upon a high eminence in the world's esteem. You may be called to fill high and important stations. Your pride and ambition may be gratified, wealth may crown your labors, and the applause of men sound in your ears. Tell me truly, do you not think of all this before the one great question, is my life acceptable in the sight of God! Is it not more to gain the world than to save your own soul and keep it pure and spotless in the sight of Heaven that you have chosen your work?"

For a moment there was silence. The young man dropped his eyes in a meditative way, and his thoughts took deeper root, reaching beyond the surface into the hidden main-

spring of action, and there upon the table of his heart were engraved in letters not to be mistaken, the words, *Pride, Ambition*. It was not easy at once to acknowledge the result of the research into his inner nature, and in an argumentative way he waived the solemn question.

"My dear sir, you will acknowledge it needs good, steadfast, reliable men in other walks of life, beside those chosen to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ. There should be good lawyers, merchants, physicians, and perhaps I may be of more use in the profession I have chosen, if by uprightness and integrity I set forth my Christian walk and example to those with whom I am called to mingle."

"That is very true. I would not cast a single disparagement upon any of the occupations you have mentioned. But when the Church of Christ is suffering for laborers, when the harvest is so truly plenteous, shall it perish because there are none to gather? Is it that you hope to be of more service to Christ, His Church and His cause, that you thus direct your choice? Were you sure you should at once be placed over a large, wealthy parish, that you could as easily gain the good things of this world, in short that you could make money as fast, and rise to as high a place among men, would you hesitate?"

Again there was a momentary pause, but there was no real deception in Herman Granger's nature, and with a straightforward frankness he replied—

"I fear it is as you have said, my dear sir, more for worldly aggrandizement that I have directed my choice, and I shudder at the deception I was concealing behind a show of religion, and as I believed, a true sense of my own weakness. Friends injudiciously flattered my vanity, pointing out to me the high pedestal upon which my feet might one day rest; but not one has pointed out to me the sinfulness of my heart, or warned me of the slippery places upon which my feet well-nigh stumbled, till you, my best, truest friend, have removed the scales from off my eyes. But do you not think one must be called of God to engage in this work?"

"The day of miracles is past, holy men of old were called direct from God, but He now uses the influence of His Holy Spirit in just as direct a manner, and permits human agency to influence the actions of His creatures. It may be He has appointed me as the humble instrument in His hands of calling your atten-

tion to this great work. Do not decide hastily, my son, but prayerfully bring it before Him to whom all hearts are open, and rest assured He will lead you in the right."

An hour later, Herman and Helen were walking up and down the garden paths with that pleasant freedom that had characterized their intercourse; but it was evident the suggestions of the aged clergyman were uppermost in the young man's mind, for his words were not so gay and lively as usual, and leading Helen to a rustic seat beneath the drooping elm, he threw himself at her feet and lifted his eyes to her face.

"Your honored grandparent, Helen," he said, slowly, "has been leading me to examine myself more fully than I ever yet have done, and, as you already know, has urged upon my consideration the giving myself to the work of the ministry. I am almost persuaded, and yet there are strong objections urging themselves upon me—my own insufficiency, the weight of responsibility resting upon one in so holy an office—and so I turn to you, my sweet friend, you who have promised that sisterly affection so long denied me, what would you have me to do?"

"I cannot advise you, Herman, my friend, and yet, in answer to your last question, I must say, nothing would give me so much pleasure as to see you an earnest worker in the vineyard of the Lord. That you feel insufficient for the work is a far better sign than that you should trust in your own strength; but relying solely upon Him who has said, 'My strength is sufficient for thee,' you will receive strength and fulness of glory. And is there not a great responsibility resting upon us all as Christians? Is not the world looking at us with curious eyes lest we step aside from the straight and narrow way? In the practice of law you would have much more to draw you from Christ; but continually living for Him, and trying to work in His service at all times and in all places, would keep you near Him. O what a glorious calling, my friend, to be a co-worker with Christ and His holy angels! How often I have wished that I might save but one soul from death; and if you will, through God's help you may save many."

The young man gazed into the face of his companion with a look of admiration at the earnestness and religious fervor of her youth, and then he sighed, and a look of deep pain crossed his face.

"There is another reason, Helen, coming back to things of a more worldly nature, why

I hesitate. There is another to whose judgment I have often deferred, and as my promised wife she ought perhaps to be consulted. But I tremble for the result. She is beautiful, accomplished, and sweet-natured; but she is high-spirited, full of life and its gay pleasures, and though an outward respecter of all things sacred, religion has no deep abiding place within her heart. I remember well a remark of hers when a friend married a clergyman, and that leads me to fear her feelings may undergo a change towards me, and that indeed she will hardly be fitted for my companion, unless God's Holy Spirit should affect a change in her heart and life, which for the past year has been my earnest prayer. O, Helen, you do not know, but it would nearly break my heart to give her up."

The young man turned away to conceal the sorrow that was written all over his fine face, but he need not have done so, the darkness of evening had gathered so fast the face of each was hidden from the other. Helen could not reply to his words. Her face became colorless, and a cold, stony feeling crept over her like one who, dreaming of untold happiness, had awakened to a sorrow that was blighting and withering their whole lives. The darkness that was gathering over the face of the day was not half as gloomy as that which had so suddenly swept over her, obscuring for a time all the light and joy of her life. With an effort she arose from her seat, and placing her hands upon Herman's bowed head, said, in a voice intended to be clear and calm—

"Herman, my brother, I am sorry for you. But between Him who has said, 'Whoso loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me,' and your own soul, you must make your decision."

Helen went slowly up the garden walk, and without pausing at the open parlor, from which a cheering light was gleaming, on in the darkness, to her own room.

For two hours she lay motionless upon her low bed, the cruel surges of sorrow and disappointment beating over her defenceless head. The voices below had ceased. She had listened to the footsteps of Herman Granger as he paced up and down his chamber floor, but they were at length silenced, and all was still in the gray-stone parsonage.

To the seclusion of her quiet life, Herman had come fresh from contact with the busy world of which she knew so little; and unused as she was to the companionship of such natures, all unknown to him and imperceptibly

to herself, she had given him the deep love of her heart, which was now cast back worthless at her feet.

There were no outward demonstrations of grief. It was a secret her own soul must keep, and through the long night she was schooling herself to that fortitude which, before she again met Herman, was so secure that not the shadow of a suspicion crossed his mind that Helen had for him other than a sister's love. Her face was a trifle paler, and there was a little line of care or pain writing itself upon the smooth, open brow, but Helen went on with her accustomed duties just the same. The care of her household, the work in the little garden, the sewing for her grandparents and herself, were all under her supervision; the numerous calls of the kind-hearted villagers were cheerfully received and returned, and no one guessed of the worm that was gnawing away at the heart of the sweet girl, who had a smile and kind word for them all.

Herman had remained but one week after his conversation with Helen, and she had parted from him calmly, breathing a fervent prayer that God would lead him in the right way, that all things might work together for his good, and that the one he had chosen might become worthy of him and add to his life the charm of her love. Only once did the selfish wish intrude that Herman's fears might indeed be true, that she might cast aside his love for the reason he had given, and which would prove so clearly her unworthiness. She would have been more than human had she not thought of this; but with a strong determination she cast it aside and learned to pray dispassionately for both. In the frequent letters that came from Herman was breathed the steadfast faith and earnest resolve with which he had commenced the preparation for his new work; and at length a new tide of joy seemed to have swept over his life, for he wrote in the fulness of his happiness—

"My dear Agnes, of whom Helen has heard me speak, has at last given her heart also to the work, and, as I trust, become an earnest disciple of our blessed Lord and Master. You will rejoice with me I know, when I tell you this has been the one cloud that has overshadowed me for weeks past, and I thank God that he has seen fit in infinite wisdom to sweep it away. I long to introduce her to the quiet of your home, and hope to have that pleasure in the early spring."

The blue eyes that wandered over those lines opened a little wider, but there was no

perceptible change in the sweet voice, raised a little above its usual soft tone to suit the impaired hearing of the aged listeners, and no pang of envy or regret crept into her pure heart, as she buried her idol then and there, and resolved from henceforth to make her life one of self-denial and usefulness.

It was one of the mildest of May afternoons that Herman Granger came again to Lynnwood. There was a breath of approaching summer loitering upon the still air, and the trees about the parsonage were putting on a suit of green in unison with the fresh grass beneath. Helen was a little fluttered with expectation as the carriage paused at the garden gate, and Herman lifted the slight, girlish figure so tenderly in his arms, and supported her up the walk. She met them with the kind cordiality characteristic of her nature, and at one glance into the fair, delicate face of Agnes Leonard, she took her into her heart, and thought it not strange Herman had so readily done so before her.

The young stranger responded sweetly to the welcome of the aged couple, and suffered Helen to lead her to a chair by the window and remove her wrappings, with an easy grace, and as wearied with her journey, she leaned her head against the crimson covering of the high-backed chair. Helen sighed as she looked at the beautiful face, so ethereal and transparent, like one over which in a few years the summer grass would be waving, for Helen remembered the face of her mother when it had just that look.

There were many quiet, happy days for the young girls, and the constant companionship of one so nearly her own age was a pleasant change in the life of Helen, and each day she seemed to regain a little of her old lightness and vigor. Herman was pursuing his studies under the supervision of the aged rector, and beneath his experienced care, acquiring that knowledge of the work which years of prayerful study had gained. He had entered upon the work with his whole heart, and the beautiful girl, whom he hoped would one day become his help-meet, gave him the encouragement of her enthusiastic nature, which would not suffer anything to be undertaken in a careless, wavering spirit.

"You cannot think how much I have changed, Helen," she remarked to her friend, as they sat together in Helen's room, on an afternoon when Agnes had been at the rectory two months; "I used to be so gay and thought-



less, and though I knew Herman loved me with all the strength of his deep nature, I used to make him unhappy, and oftentimes feel that I was not a true companion for an earnest Christian. When he returned from his visit to you last autumn, and told me the change in his feelings and plans, I ridiculed him most unsparingly, and tortured him with my thoughtless, wicked words, and entered upon fashionable follies with a new zest, to show I was not to be guided or governed by him. I did not give him up, but thought by perseverance to win him back to his former choice of professions. He was wretched; I knew it whenever I was near him, and had reason to believe he was none the less so when I was absent. At last he came to me with a look I had never before seen upon his face.

"'Agnes,' he said, calmly, but with an earnestness that made me realize the truth of every word, 'I must give you up. God alone knows the struggle it has cost me, but He has given me this cross to bear and I will now take it up and follow Him. It will not make you very unhappy,' he said, with such a world of tenderness in his voice I knew he had not ceased loving me. 'I wish you had the same sure refuge for all the ills and troubles of life which I trust has been vouchsafed me, and I shall never cease to pray that you may find it to the joy of your soul.' He kissed me tenderly; the tears rained down his cheeks and dropped upon my face, but I made him no answer, and he went out silently into the darkness of the night. I never knew how I loved him till that moment. All my cruel, unkind words came back upon my memory, and, oh, what would I have given just to recall them! I saw the justice of my punishment. I knew in my own soul he had done right. I knew I was not fitted for him, and I had blindly accused him in my heart of loving me before his work, or his God. I saw the injustice, the wickedness I had committed, and in the agony of my grief I sought the sure refuge of which Herman had told me. Oh, Helen, did the blessed Jesus ever turn a poor mortal away? And I, who had spent a life in open rebellion against Him, was comforted. At first I feared it was but the sorrow of the world that worketh death, but soon I knew it was the still, small voice of God within my heart—the voice I had so often heard and rejected. But now I tried to listen, and by and by its sweet influence melted my hard heart and gave me peace. I had not seen Herman during this time, and not till I had

received a hope of God's forgiveness did I ask for him. You should have seen his joy, Helen; it would have repaid a lifetime of misery but just to witness his happiness. Since then I have striven harder and harder every day of my life to make myself worthy of him, and to be prepared for usefulness in the flock over which he may be called."

It was indeed as Agnes had said. Every day her spirit developed new beauties, and self seemed to be more nearly swallowed up; and though the country air had brought a few fresh roses to the pale cheeks, and a little elasticity to the feeble footsteps, the spirit seemed to be maturing faster than the material body; but when in the early autumn she returned to her home, they all confidently said, "She is better."

Helen's life had just reached its seventeenth summer when Herman made his first visit to Lynnwood, and before she had numbered a score of years, Herman and Agnes were married, and the young clergyman had assumed the pastorate of a new and flourishing church in a distant State. Helen's duties were becoming every day more onerous as the years passed on, and the aged footsteps strayed farther and farther down the descending hill of life, and when another three years had gone by, there were two more graves in the little churchyard, and Helen was alone. It was a bitter stroke, as well to the kind, loving hearts of the villagers as to the frail, young girl, when the faithful, earnest pastor laid down his staff in mortal weakness, and stretched out his feeble hand to receive the rod and staff of his Lord, who led him peacefully and gently through the valley and shadow of death to the glorious reward of his earthly labors.

The place of the sainted rector was not easily filled, so for a few weeks Helen lived on in her old home, gradually trying to wean her affections from its tender associations, and to bring her mind to the reality that henceforth she must go forth into the world to labor for her daily bread.

But one way seemed to present itself, and that was to become a teacher, the most natural employment for one of her refined taste and cultivated intellect, and so with earnest resolution she sought and obtained a situation in a distant town.

The breaking away from all the ties that bound her to the home of her girlhood, the gathering up of all the old, familiar articles of use or comfort, the final farewell to the cheer-

ful rooms so hallowed by sacred memories, we can only leave to the sorrowful imagining of those who have experienced a like pain. The village church, too, where the sweetest remembrances clustered, was to be filled by a stranger. She had heard he was coming, a youthful minister of rare talents and fine person, but no one seemed to have learned his name, and it was with a feeling of deepest pain Helen walked slowly up the gravelled path, letting her eyes wander off towards the new-made graves, for on the morrow she was to leave them all to commence her new work in a land of strangers.

The low, delicious tones of the organ had hardly died out upon the still air, and the deep, rich voice of the youthful stranger pronounced the solemn, inspiring words, "The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him," when Helen entered the narrow porch and paused a moment to calm her disturbed spirit. Catching but a sound of the speaker's voice, and the blood went rushing in a swift current through her veins, and for an instant her sight seemed to have left her, as she groped her way up the aisle of the church to her accustomed seat, hearing only that familiar voice, which for all the years that had passed between she had not forgotten, and which her beating heart told her she had not ceased to love. Eagerly she listened to the words that fell from his lips—words of hope, faith, and firm endurance; they were just what she needed, but somehow they only fell with a dead weight upon her heart. Once she raised her eyes to the calm, beautiful face, but such a tide of tender memories swept over her, she bowed her head, and only listened. Very quietly she stole from the church at the close of the service, and once more took the little path that led across the green field to the parsonage. It was vacant, the shutters were closed, and everything about wore a cheerless look to Helen, and throwing herself down upon the broad door-stone beneath the vine-covered lattice, she sobbed in bitterness of spirit.

"Alone, alone! O, God, pity me!" broke audibly from her quivering lips, and still faster dropped the tears between the slender fingers.

"Not all alone, Helen," spoke a deep, manly voice at her side, and a pair of strong hands drew hers from before her tear-washed faced, and retained them within his own. "For two years I have known what it was to be a lonely mourner, for then my darling Agnes went home to dwell with angels. She was the

cherished wife of but one short year, and then God took her to himself. I gave you a brother's love years ago, Helen, but for the past few months you have been growing dearer to my memory, and though it is God's holy day, and no time for conventionalities, I must now offer you my more than brotherly love, and ask you solemnly to fill the vacant place in my heart and home. Let me be your support and comfort in this deep affliction. I believe duty calls me to take the sacred place made vacant by the death of my truest earthly friend, and God grant his mantle may descend upon his unworthy successor. You first led me to improve the talent my Heavenly Master bestowed, and now will you not help me to use it faithfully? Will you try to love me, darling?"

Helen lifted her eyes to the gentleman's face with all the fervor of her heart, speaking from them. It was all so sudden and strange she had not time for embarrassment, so nestling her hand still closer in his, she replied, truthfully and sweetly—

"I have loved you a great while, Herman, before I knew it to be a sin, and the one great burden of my life has been to root it out of my heart."

"Helen, is it possible, and I never read your secret? But if a lifetime of tender devotion can repay your love, it shall freely be given back."

There were no weary weeks of teaching for Helen, nor lonely, desolate hours, for a few weeks later there was a quiet wedding in the church among the willows, and once more the summer sunshine floated in at the open doors of the old parsonage, as did the light and joy into the hearts of the young pastor and his bride.

## Song.

BY FLORA A. SANBORN.

Alas! I am a faded rose,  
All withered, dear, and crushed,  
But just a step is there  
Between me and the dust.  
But O! if I were fresh and sweet,  
I still would wither at thy feet.

I am a shattered vase, that burst  
In cheerless winter time  
With its mute longings for  
The flowers of other climes—  
Those flowers were love: that love was thine;  
Oh! let it now be summer time.

# Cornie.

BY BELLE ST. AUBIN.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" and the slight, white-lad form of my little friend tossed restlessly upon the bed. I rose and bent quickly over the pillow where the little pale face rested so wearily, and saw that large tears were stealing slowly over her cheeks.

"What is it, my darling? Are you suffering so much?" I asked, anxiously, pushing the short rings of brown hair away from the poor, pale forehead. "What can I do for you?"

"Nothing, nothing—thank you," she sobbed. "Oh, I feel so miserable!"

Again she tossed over, and this time buried her face in the pillow and began to sob convulsively. I was grieved beyond expression. Everything to cheer, comfort or relieve had proved unavailing. Daily, Cornie Prince was sinking beyond our reach. What could we do to save her?

Filled with painful emotions, I sat on the side of her couch, holding the little trembling hands, and striving to soothe her. Finally a thought occurred to me which caused me to ask almost abruptly—

"Cornie, I want to know why you are fading away so rapidly? What is on your mind?"

She looked up at me with great eyes full of astonishment, still wet with the rain of tears. Then she answered with tremulous lips—

"Is not my darling far away from me, exposed to danger, perhaps death? It is killing me."

"That is not enough to put you here, Cornie. There is something else. You are no exception to others in this sorrowful story. Thousands like yourself have given up all they hold dear for our country's sake. Many have seen them go to return no more. Others have received the intelligence that their best-beloved ones have been maimed, crippled for life. It is the daily story. Yet they are not pluming away like this, as those without hope might do. Your darling is alive, well, in no imminent danger, and may not be for some time to come. So I think that, with one like you, ready to bear all things as you have proved yourself—there must be some other cause for grief. I do not want to intrude upon the privacy of your feelings, yet I think if you could tell me your trouble, it would be

a relief to do so. Am I not your friend, dear Cornie. Will you not trust me?"

She flung a pair of trembling arms around me impulsively, and sobbed there for a moment upon my bosom. Then she spoke, huskily—

"I will tell you, though you will think me silly perhaps. But it has worried me so long that I can't bear it.

"You know it is just a year now, since I was married. Two little months my dear husband was with me, then duty called him away. Oh, Kate, you will never understand how I loved him, or how it hurt me to give him up. I thought it would kill me. The morning he left me, I threw myself upon the bed and bit the pillow to hush the cries of agony that rose to my lips, lest my grief should make our parting harder for my darling. Oh, how I suffered. Every possible evil that could befall him, and prevent his return to me, I conjured up. But I think after a while, my better nature was triumphant and I grew more calm. I know it was wicked to love as I did. My love was an idolatry, and I began to fear God would punish me by taking him away from me forever.

"Time passed. His letters came frequently—such long, loving letters. You have heard some of them, and can guess what a source of comfort they were. They seemed to express such a love as I felt. I was so proud and happy, to be so idolized; and he was so noble, talented, and beloved by others. Ah, you know how much cause I have to love my husband, and how much I do love him! Of what use then to dwell upon it?

"The spring passed. How hard I tried to be patient and hopeful. I went into society to chase away a tendency to morbid brooding over injurious fancies. I read, studied, walked, rode, played—everything; and I do think I should still be going on hopefully, but for the fear that intruded itself in spite of me. His letters came less frequently, even shorter, and not so loving as at first. It has grown worse and worse ever since the summer. Autumn has come now, and two months nearly have passed without a line from him. Oh, Katie, what can it mean? If he has ceased to love me, I shall die."

Here then was the secret. She thought she had lost her husband's love, and her little tender heart was breaking. For a time I could say nothing. The position I held was a painful one. My poor little friend was standing upon dangerous ground. How to

save her the best way became a puzzling question. At length I said, gravely—

"Cornie, doubts of your husband's love are unworthy the high tone of character you have always evinced. Do you know what terrible injustice you are doing him?"

"Oh, Kate, I don't mean to be unjust. I am only fearful. I couldn't blame him I think, if it were so, for men don't feel as strongly as women do. Besides, I am such a puny, helpless little thing, while he is so noble, so manly. I wouldn't wonder if he forgot to love as I do. Still, it would kill me, I am sure."

"My child, you do not think properly upon this subject. Else you would never say that men feel less keenly. Their love is as deep and fervent, I am assured. But they are in a different position. We must not expect such expressions from them, as we are able to give. Just reflect for a little while, my friend; draw a comparison between your own and your husband's relative positions at the present time, and see if you cannot find a good reason for what your morbid fancy would teach you to construe into neglect."

She looked up at me with eager, wondering eyes, and said, simply—

"Go on."

"Well," I continued, "begin now with yourself. Since he was called away, by your own showing, you have found nothing to do but to 'kill time'—first in one way, then another. No wholesome, hearty labor to absorb the mind, expand the intellect, keep in play all the better feelings of your nature. Only a wild, feverish round devoted to the one object, namely, to enable you to drag through the dread period of his absence. Is not this true?"

"Yes. But I could not help it. What else could I do?"

"No matter now. We will talk of that further presently. Having looked at your case, now let us look at his. What do his letters say of his employments?"

"You shall see for yourself," she answered, rising and taking a carefully tied package of letters from a drawer in her dressing-case. Sitting down upon the bed, she untied them and spread the beautifully written sheets open upon her lap. Patiently I prepared to listen. A long array was before me; but since I was to judge between these two, for the sake of the happiness of the one nearest—perhaps of both eventually, it was but right for me to undertake the task with my eyes fully opened in every respect.

These first epistles were miracles of tenderness, filled to overflowing with a love that broke forth in the most beautiful and glowing language. The fond young husband had a habit of writing daily, a sort of diary in which every thought and feeling was faithfully portrayed. The letters were long, and came at intervals of a week or fortnight, at most. They were not busy then, only "cruising about," waiting for active duty, he said, frequently. From their tone I perceived that he assumed the part of comforter, often reasoning away fears and repinings. Eventually, her own letters must have been full of discontent, forebodings, and prayers for his return—prayers to which he could only answer, "my darling, I cannot." He was not his own master, but a servant—a slave to the duties laid upon him as a truly loyal American.

So it went on for a time. By and by came missives of a different tone—still loving, still kind—but more hurried, and telling of toilsome days and nights—dangerous vigils, exposure, fatigue—everything attendant upon an active and laborious life—but through all, breathing the deep, unchanged, fervent devotion that characterized him as a loyal husband, a noble man. I listened with the most intense interest, quietly pointing out the changes as they came, and explaining my thoughts to her concerning them. Sometimes letters written in moments stolen from sleep, while all others lay exhausted around, then would lay for weeks in his possession ere he could get an opportunity to send them to her. I pointed out the dates, the notes, and little interlines, with a feeling of reverence for the man who could thus toil, brave all, dare all, suffer all, and yet in the midst of it, sit down and pen such lines to one he loved, desiring to comfort her, never thinking of self.

When she had finished, she looked up from the last hurriedly written half sheet, a grieved expression lingering around the sweet young mouth.

"See—the last—only one little half sheet," she said. "Three long, weary weeks—yes, four—of waiting, filled with tears, suspense, agony, and then *this* was all that he had to comfort me."

I took the letter from her hand, reading aloud from the page—

"*My own dear Wife.*—We are before Vicksburg, carrying on the siege. Success must follow our many and unyielding efforts. Day and night we know no rest. We are nearly all of us worn out. Now, as I write, my com-

rades are sleeping for a few moments around me; any moment ready to spring up to duty, perhaps to danger. Our good vessel has borne much. Her pretty hull is all battered and beaten with the conflicts of war; but she will soon have a chance, I hope, to put on a new dress, when Vicksburg shall have fallen to us as a grand victory. When that time comes, I shall hope to see my wife, my blessed, angel wife, once more. Oh, the joy of that reunion! In the last three weeks, I have stolen moments to write a great deal, but found no way to send to you the great love coined into words. This fragment may never reach you—it is but a mere chance if it does. And knowing this, I am unwilling to send all I have written until I can make sure it can reach you. Time is so precious, I cannot bear that one word should be lost that I may find myself able to write. I shall hope they may yet help you to bear my absence till we meet again."

"Oh, Cornie, what do you find here to complain of! See how he thinks of you, amid everything," I added at the conclusion. "Darling, you have been making misery for yourself and him."

"For him!" she cried in astonishment; "for him! How?"

"Go back to some of those letters in your hand, and see how sadly he dwells upon the anguish you have given vent to in your letters. To judge by their tone, one would think you had written of nothing but your loneliness—your misery, and begged him always to return to you."

"Well, and was I wrong, when it was true? I was agonized in his absence; I thought of nothing but his return—urged nothing but that."

"And at the same time knew it vain. Before you married him, you knew he was in the service for a certain period of time, and could not resign unless compelled to by ill health. Think well, and see if you don't see for yourself that you have been selfish, unreasonable, and forcing upon him a double burden. In addition to his own grief at separation, he has his duties—the dangers of his position, and all your burdens to bear. Tell me, Cornie, is this the way you are going to help your husband through life? Is this to be your mode of lightening his difficulties—smoothing his pathway? Answer me candidly, darling, if you think you are just right."

"Oh, no, no, no, not as you put it!" she said, in deprecating accents. "Katie, I have been blind—unpardonably blind and selfish. I can

see it all now. Oh, I said I was unworthy of him, my brave, good, noble husband! What can I do? Advise me, dear Katie! Tell me how to act."

"If I must advise you, you must promise to follow my suggestions faithfully, or it will prove useless."

"I do promise you," she hastened to say, eagerly.

"Then seek out some good, wholesome employment. Let every hour be filled with something. Allow yourself no time for doubts and brooding. Live less in imaginary worlds, and more in the real. You have your books, music, &c. Very well. Give them due attention. Practice and study well, but don't weary yourself trying to create an interest in these pursuits, without a better motive than merely to kill time. Do it for the sake of the pleasure you will give your husband on his return, in the excellence of your acquirements."

Her eyes brightened with an enthusiastic impulse; but she said, earnestly—

"That is well enough, but *all* of my time cannot be filled up thus."

"True. You will want out-door exercise.

Often you will want to take a walk. Perhaps

in some of these walks a beggar may come to your side, pleading for a 'penny to buy bread.' They often accost me with this plea.

Well, suppose you were to stop and ask the child questions. It might tell you a pitiful tale of suffering. Its father killed in the

army, mother sick, little brothers and sisters suffering for bread. The dreary winter will

come ere long, bitterly cold. You can't turn away heedlessly from the poor little ragged

petitioner. You go home with him to see if he has told you the truth, and there find the

reality worse than the little quivering lips had power to picture. Oh, how your sympathetic

heart will ache! You will try to think what you can do. Perhaps you will apply to some

kind physician, and ask him for a prescription for the sick mother. A few pennies you will

not miss to buy the medicine, which she may take hopefully and thankfully as she gains

relief. But this is not half you will be prompted to do. You will think of many cast-off

garments in your closets, useless to you—but holding warmth and decency in their folds for

those little ones. You eagerly cut and sew them up—smiling to see how readily those

little white fingers fashion the little garments, so strange to your sight. Then you want to

see them in the 'new clothes' you have



made, and survey the effect with the newest, sweetest sensations of pleasure. How your heart beats to note the gleeful, half shy, but happy little faces, as they parade their new possessions! How the poor mother's pale face and humid eyes haunt you with the most thrilling sense of emotion, as her feeble hands carry yours to her lips with the gratified 'God bless you' trembling through them."

"Oh, Kate," she breathed, "why have I seen nothing of this before. I *have* been blind indeed! My life has been one long, miserably selfish dream. God forgive me!"

"It is not too late to begin now, dear Cornie!" I said, tenderly clasping her in my arms. "You are young, and proper care and exercise will soon make you strong again. Every day you will follow your husband's example, and write him a full account of the events that occur. Tell him just how you employ your time. Write to him cheerfully, hopefully. Paint glowing pictures of home that will make him long to fly to you, the moment the bonds of duty can be flung aside. Never breathe a word of complaint. Comfort his weariness and solitude all you can, and make him feel how much he has need of you. So shall you keep his heart forever, in bonds that shall outlive this life and become immortal."

She dropped her head upon my shoulder and wept softly, murmuring—

"You are my good angel. What could I do without you?"

"Much. You only need a 'first lesson.' I shall have to come to you presently. You will soon have far outstripped me."

She smilingly shook her head, but I saw that new resolves had been kindled, and for the time dropped the subject.

Several weeks passed. Every new day brought fresh stories from the active little thing who had taken up the burden of a new life. She progressed rapidly. Sometimes she flagged a little, but soon rallied to go on more steadily than before. Day by day a new and beautiful light shone from the sweet eyes, now no longer heavy with weeping, but bright and pure in the flood of holy feeling born within her—a pure, womanly sympathy. She had ceased to look far away in the mystic future with dreamy idleness, and speculate on the misery it might bring, and with busy fingers daily gathered up new jewels of experience to twine into her young life.

The effects produced by this new phase of affairs became apparent in everything around

her. But in nothing more than in the tone of her husband's letters. He hailed the change with an eager joy that found vent in fervent outpourings of affection. It seemed as if no words could express the fulness of the sentiment; and the great desire to be near her, to see her again, was almost beyond endurance. He was so rejoiced that she had learned patience—that she could be cheerful, and encourage him to duty. Half the burden of his life was taken away, when he knew that she could bear her fate cheerfully.

It was a sweet and touching thing to have her come to me with these treasures—holding them in her tiny hands as if afraid some thought-jewel or tender word might fall away from the white sheet and be lost; then to hear her read them in her tremulous, glad tones, lifting her eyes often from the page to give some strong expression of thankfulness for this boon that had been granted at last. She was so sure of his love now. She could see so plainly where the trouble had all lain, and with humid eyes would upbraid herself for the past, till brought back again by the blessed reality to the sweetness of the present.

Was not this something worth striving for—to be so loved, so blessed by a dear one on whom her life centred all its hopes? He called her his guardian angel; told her how he was cheered and strengthened by her letters. They came to him like blessed ministering spirits when he felt most worn and sad, and felt the need of comfort and sympathy. Whenever he had a leisure moment, they were his companions, and he would read them with a fancy that *she* was talking to him. They led his thoughts into better channels—were his associates—dearer and more entertaining than any comrade around him. They should keep his feet always in straight paths, until her own little hand could guide him over dangerous places. Already they had led him gently to thoughts of higher, holier things. He was beginning to comprehend more of the purpose for which life was given, and to strive to fulfil his mission. In her simple, child-like wisdom, she was teaching him great truths till now unheeded.

"Can it be that I—I, poor, insignificant little thing that I am, have this power?" she would murmur, with a great wonder brooding over her young face. "I could not have believed or hoped it. Yet it is so. Oh, thank God!"

Reader, if like Cornie, you have been walking blindly, remember the same light will

guide you into right paths. You too will be bewildered with the evidence of your own power, and intoxicated with the sweetness of the new joys that performance of duty always brings. No one is so weak they can do nothing. The most insignificant of mortals has power for good inherent in them, if it were only brought out by will and action.

## Watching and Waiting.

### LETTER VI.

Ashley, January 20th, 18—.

Some one said to me to-day, "It is sinful for you to waste your rich, young life, in unavailing sorrow. The world is not less fair because some that you love have gone out of it; neither are the manifestations of God's unchanging goodness and untiring kindness less abundant now than in the days of your happiness and content. Come now with me. I want you to see the exceeding splendor and glory of this fair winter morning."

I went and stood in the open door. The mocking, dazzling sun swung low in the pitiless, steel-blue sky; before me lay a dreary stretch of earth—cold, still, and white as the face of my beloved the last time I kissed him; a wind, chill as the breath of death, blew out of the north, and rushing past me, went moaning and wailing through my vacant rooms like a lost and wretched thing. I turned away, sick and shuddering.

"Cold, cruel, desolate world," I said, drearily.

"Oh, you would not have thought so a month ago," spoke my friend, quickly.

"A month ago?"

"Yes, before your husband died."

"But it is years and years since then."

"No, only a month."

Only a month! As if we could reckon time thus, when a thousand, thousand years may be crowded into one brief instant of bliss, and a single day lengthened to an eternity of woe.

I remember, upon the other side of that long, narrow grave, the days of my life were like a flock of joyous birds, mounting with ecstatic songs of love and gladness to upper air; but now they cling to me like the dead leaves which we sometimes see fluttering lonesomely upon forest trees in winter, and which no blast is kind enough to whirl away.

How is it that we suffer so much, and still, brokenly, live on? When God took my little child, I had strength to resist and rebel, but

this last blow so utterly crushes me, that I have neither will to oppose, nor power to withstand; and, dumb and despairing, I lay where He hath stricken me down, longing sickly to fold, over a motionless heart, the feeble hands that could not ward off His avenging strokes, and so be at rest forever.

Do I talk as if He were a God of vengeance? Oh, forbid it, all ye tender mercies and loving kindnesses received of him! I feel vaguely that my sorrow has its sweet uses, and I know that my treasures are garnered where "moth and rust corrupt not," but I am too lost and weak to apply this healing balm of consolation; and my sense of pain and bereavement is too deep, as yet, to be quieted and overcome by the panacea of far-off, undefined good. I realize, indistinctly, that I do wrong to wrap myself in gloom and mourning, and in a feeble and uncertain way I try to put away my sorrow, and take up the work which has fallen from my nerveless hands; but the dreams, hopes, and purposes that once inspired me, seem like the things of another life; and from the dreary, desert way that lies before me, I turn with a smothered cry, and bow my head again over the dead dust of my broken idols.

Ah me, what does it avail to talk of fortitude and resignation, when we are racked by the torture of insufferable pain? The philosophy which, in our untroubled days, we thought all-sufficient to console, and which we urged with untiring perseverance upon the afflicted, seems but poor and specious reasoning when ourselves are stricken. After all, they labor in vain who strive by worn-out argument, and far-fetched truths, to cheat us of our grief. The broken in spirit need but the mute caress of love, and the tender tear of sympathy, and, for the rest, they must wait in darkness and silence until their wounds are healed.

Only those who have suffered know rightly how to comfort the suffering. In that terrible hour, when I reeled over the gulf where they had hidden my love, brave, high-sounding words, counselling courage and patient endurance, were hailed upon me, but I could not grasp their meaning; and through all the stormy rhetoric, I heard the cruel beating of frozen turf upon his confined head, and saw the gray winter sky stretching like a wall of steel between me and my happiness, and felt, from the depths of my aching soul, how much better the sad winds, waving through the grave-yard pines, comprehended my misery,

than the cold-hearted human sympathizers that stood about me.

But, after all, there came to me one upon whose meek, white brow, sorrow had set the seal of heavenly adoption, who, taking me gently in her arms, murmured, in soothing, mother tones, "God love thee, poor, unhappy child!" while her hand went over my hair in soft, caressing touch, and her tears fell on my cold face like tender, summer rain; and through the answering waters that my heaving heart sent surging up to my eyes, her gray hair shone like the halo that we see about the pictured heads of angels, and her face was the face of Him who wept with the sisters of Lazarus, and whose lips spoke heavenly consolations to the bereaved widow of Nain.

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Willie came to me just now, with trouble darkening his clear eyes, and in a voice struggling with sobs, said, "What do they mean to talk of another battle? I thought the war must end when papa died."

Alas, poor little heart! We foolish ones thought the world had ceased to move, and dust would gather on its silent wheels, when the master hand, that builded the structure of our earthly happiness, lay cold and motionless in death. We loved him so,—he was our light and strength,—we believed him so grand, brave, and powerful, that it seems marvellous to us how the things of life keep on their steady course without him; and we hear, with vague wonder, and ever-increasing sadness, of the triumph of wrong and oppression, just as if the noblest heart that ever throbbed had not poured its blood in the sacred cause of liberty and right. Ah, when we saw our strong men, with countenances shining with the light of holy purpose and firm resolve, going forth, like the brave crusaders of olden times, to fight the battles of the Lord, was there one of us, think,—wife, mother, or sweet-heart,—but felt she had sent out a host, upon whose vengeful front no traitor could look and live; and fondly believed, in the darkest hour of the conflict, the single might of her hero's arm sufficient to turn the tide, and give the victory to God? And how many said, with swelling hearts, "If so be that the nation can be saved only at the cost of his life, I will give it, and not murmur."

Alas and alas! Thousands and thousands of such lives have been sacrificed, and noble men—each one a world to some faithful heart—have been harvested by sword and pestilence, and gathered to unnamed graves, and

still evil triumphs in the land, and error clutches at the neck of truth, while, far and wide, the voice of weeping and lamentation goes up for the overthrow of household gods, and sable-clad mourners, seeing in the lowering sky no promise of the brighter day, wail with reproaching sadness, "Lord, I have given all—all, and it has availed nothing."

Now, Heaven help you, stricken ones, to whom I am drawn by kindred sorrow, and tenderest sympathy, Heaven help you and me, if we have spilled our hearts' blood for naught.

But think; was Jesus less the son of God, or was His sacrifice for sin unavailing, because the multitude doubted; because, in all generations, some have disbelieved; because, even in this present day, some question, and will not receive? Does the blood of His heroes, and His martyrs, cry in vain from the ground? Is the triumph of His cause, and the establishment of His kingdom less sure, because for a little, and for good ends, He suffers wickedness to rejoice in short-lived victory?

Oh, dear ones,—you whose best earthly treasures have dropped in the bloody and turbulent sea where my own hopes went down,—my heart aches for you, and, with unutterable love and tenderness, I name your names in my prayers; but I know, while the pain of recent bereavement wraps all your senses in its torturing fire, it is useless to thrust upon you the poor wisdom I have gathered from experience. A little time ago I mourned as one who would not be comforted, and saw, in the event which had desolated my life, no substance or shadow of good, but rather the cruel and oppressive power of an unloving, unjust God. But over the deepest sorrow, as over the darkest night, morning must break at last—dull, gray, and heavy though it be—and, hood our senses as we may, some gleams of light will touch and warm us; some motion of living hope and purpose stir us; some cries of awakening conscience—weak and wailing perhaps—will make themselves heard; for, by these things, God leads us back to a realization of the duties, obligations, and interests of life; and we find, after all, there is somewhat left to make earth still a pleasant place to dwell in.

You think no human hand can strike a light in your darkness, but the slow, revolving wheels of time shall bring the morning up, even for you, and, in its glimmering dawn, your old faith in the wisdom and goodness of Providence shall re-assert itself, and you will gather comfort in the blessed thought that no good deed is ever lost,—that the reward of every

sacrifice awaits your entrance into Heaven,—that every drop of blood, every groan of anguish, every falling tear, is counted by Him who noteth the sparrow's fall,—with whom even "the very hairs of your head are numbered."

the Lamb, and into the Holy City that hath "no need of the sun, neither of the moon," and where is "no more death, neither sorrow nor crying."

#### *Sacred Room, 1863.*

With what awe and reverence we enter the room hallowed by feet that walk no more on earth; whose adornings are sanctified by the touch of hands that are done with worldly things, and made glorious in that they were once familiar to eyes which look now upon the face of God.

Long ago—so long ago, I marvel if it was in this life—we used to cluster here in unbroken circle—Henry, Willie, May, and I—and, in my mad idolatry, I thought these four walls bounded Heaven, and cared not for that far-off, mystical kingdom of the Christian's faith—I was so happy here.

Later, the troubled noise and tumult of war thundered into my terrestrial paradise, and the strong arm of my support was torn away in the storm; but still, with the old, tender memories thrilling my heart, I gathered my little ones at the sacred trysting-spot, and talked hopefully of the glad time when our conquering hero should come back to us, crowned with honors and exulting in victory; and my Willie's face grew luminous with joy, and the eyes of my golden-haired pet had a dreamy, far-off look as she murmured, in soft, beseeching tones, "Papa—come." Ah, precious, I knew not then that your sweet lips were calling him up higher, nor that my hopes of reunion were to be of heavenly fulfilment.

Here the happiest hours of my wedded life were spent; here my beloved went forth from me in the strength and pride of his royal manhood; here the spirit of my darling May ascended; and here, when the shadows of night begin to gather, my little boy and I come with soft footsteps, and with our own hands kindle a fire upon the hearth, and draw up before its cheerful blaze the arm chair of our master, and wheel into the warmth the crib whose snowy pillows bear never more the impress of our baby's shining head. And sitting down, locked in each other's arms, we talk low and reverently of our sainted ones, till all the place is filled with celestial light, and earth seems no longer the sepulchre of our dead, but the vestibule where we wait to put on the wedding garments of love and praise, ere we are bid to come into the marriage-supper of

## Kings and Queens of England.

### ELIZABETH.

Elizabeth was the daughter of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, his second queen. She was the last of the five Tudor sovereigns. She was born September 7, 1533. She was proclaimed queen on the death of Mary, and was crowned January 15, 1559. Her religious sentiments were so well known, that her life had been constantly in danger during her sister's reign, and it was owing to Philip that Mary had permitted her to live. He intended to marry her in case of Mary's death, and made her an offer of marriage soon after she was crowned, but she steadily rejected all offers of marriage.

Elizabeth was tall, but not handsome; she had a high forehead, a pale complexion, and yellow hair; she was generally gay and cheerful, but had an impetuous temper. In the early part of her life she displayed neither vanity nor caprice, but in old age the surest way of gaining her favor was flattery; and though in her public character she exhibited excellent sense, in private life her love of praise made her ridiculous.

Elizabeth had been obliged to profess the Catholic faith after the death of her brother Edward, but she was as earnest to establish the Reformation as he had been, and in a few months all the acts in favor of the Protestants, which had been passed in his reign, had been established, and the form of religion was nearly as at present.

Elizabeth met with less opposition from the Catholics than she expected, as a fatal fever was raging at the time of Mary's death, of which great numbers of the clergy died. Three bishops died on the same day with the queen. Those that remained had their choice, to resign their places or embrace the Protestant religion; and nearly all preferred giving up their religion to their situations. She at this time put none to death for their faith, and confiscated no estates. She treated all her sister's ministers with respect, except the cruel Bonner, but she turned from him with horror, and would not speak to or look at him. Elizabeth was wise in the choice of her ministers.

William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, was her prime minister, and was for forty years the most sagacious one England ever had; others that she intrusted with power were men of talents and integrity, and the affairs of the nation were conducted with great wisdom.

In the commencement of her sister's reign, Elizabeth was the affianced bride of Edward Courtenay, but when Mary heard of it she had them both imprisoned in the Tower. Her Catholic friends advised her to send Elizabeth out of the kingdom, if she did not put her to death, and for that purpose to marry her to a foreign prince.

The Duke of Savoy, the Archduke of Austria, and the Earl of Arundel, were rejected by her before she was crowned; and after, besides Philip, the King of Sweden, the King of France, the Earl of Arran, and many others; either from coquetry or policy she avoided giving a decisive answer to offers of marriage, saying she wished time to consider; and after keeping them in suspense as long as possible, always dismissed them. The handsome person and agreeable manners of her cousin, Edward Courtenay, were never forgotten, and she considered him her real husband. But she had two favorites; the first was Robert Dudley, a brother of Guilford Dudley, the husband of Lady Jane Gray; he was a person of pleasing address, and his assiduous attentions to the queen flattered her vanity and rendered her insensible to his faults, which were many. She loaded him with riches and honors, and he continued in favor till his death, which was for thirty years. He and Elizabeth were born on the same day, and played together in childhood. Her other favorite was the Earl of Essex.

It was the wish of Henry VIII. that his son Edward should marry Mary, Queen of Scots; she was the grand-daughter of his sister Margaret; but Mary married Francis the Second, King of France, when sixteen years of age; she went to France ten years before to receive her education. When she was nineteen, she returned to Scotland a widow, and soon after married her cousin, Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley. He was the grandson of Margaret, and her second husband.

The Reformers, at the head of whom was John Knox, opposed this marriage, as Stuart was a papist. Mary was captivated by the beauty and accomplishments of her cousin, but did not regard the qualities of his mind, which were neither amiable nor generous. He was passionate, insolent, and ungrateful, and soon treated her with indifference and

neglect, which behaviour lessened Mary's attachment and confidence in her husband, and she would not be influenced by him as at first. This caused Darnley to be jealous; and when the queen, with some ladies of her court and her secretary, David Rizzio, were at supper, he rushed into the room and stabbed Rizzio, giving him fifty-six wounds. After this, Darnley was taken sick, and Mary persuaded him to remove from the palace of Holyrood house, where the situation was low, thickly inhabited, and very noisy, to a house that stood at a distance from any other, that he might have a quiet and airy place. Mary left her husband one evening to visit their son, then an infant, and before morning the house in which Darnley was, was blown up with gunpowder.

Public opinion fixed on the Earl of Bothwell as the murderer of Darnley, who was tried for the crime and was acquitted. Mary soon after married Bothwell, having been advised to by many of the nobles of both religions; but soon almost the whole country rose in arms against her. Bothwell was a man of influence, wealth, abilities, and ambition; he was beautiful in person and manners, but he was obliged to flee from the country, and after ten years died insane in Denmark.

Mary was taken and imprisoned at Lochleven Castle, situated in a lake of that name, where she was compelled to resign her kingdom to her infant son, James Stuart, who was crowned and called James VI. Mary's half brother, the Earl of Murray, was regent. By the romantic attachment of George Douglas, brother to the Lord of Lochleven, Mary made her escape, and raised an army, but was defeated by Murray, when she fled into England, being willing to trust to Elizabeth's generosity, who had always pretended to be very friendly to her, and in her letters used to address her as "dear sister;" but she had used great dissimulation, and had been always plotting her destruction. She would not see Mary, but detained her a prisoner, and placed her in the custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury, where she remained for sixteen years, when Elizabeth thought the earl too indulgent, and had her removed to Fotheringay Castle. The earl had been almost as much a prisoner as Mary, as he was obliged to stay at home and not invite any of his friends to visit him. Many conspiracies were formed to restore Mary to liberty, but all were discovered, and she was beheaded February 7, 1587, in her forty-fifth year.



Elizabeth had no right to put Mary to death, who was at the least her equal, for besides her right to the throne of Scotland, the throne of England belonged to her after Elizabeth, and she was Queen of France. All Mary's trouble and affliction, and an imprisonment of nineteen years, had not destroyed that extraordinary beauty which had excited the hatred of Elizabeth, who had always considered her a rival.

Elizabeth, with all the arrogance of her father, declared herself the head of the Protestant Church, not only in England, but in France and Germany. Martin Luther died in her father's reign; but Melancthon continued the work of the reformation, drew up a system of principles called the Augsburg confession, and had many followers; these Elizabeth took under her protection, but she could do but little for them, or for the French Protestants, called Huguenots, many of whom were put to death in the massacre of St. Bartholomew. After reigning ten years, Elizabeth became a furious persecutor not only of Catholics but of the Puritans, and all who dissented from the established church, and put many to death.

In politics as well as religion she was arbitrary, and frequently imprisoned members of parliament. Her parsimony often greatly embarrassed the operations of her army, but she squandered money on her favorites. She was more profane than her father ever was, and used some oath with nearly every sentence. Many conspiracies were formed against her life, but through the vigilance of her ministers all were detected. She employed spies in every part of England to open all letters and close them again with false seals, and in that way became acquainted with the secret views of all people of distinction. One who had written to a friend that he wished the queen was in heaven was soon after put to death. No one was safe from her tyranny, and more than three hundred heads could be seen on London Bridge at the same time, the subjects of her cruelty.

When Philip of Spain found that he could not get England by marrying the queen, he determined to have it by conquest, and fitted out the Spanish Armada; but a violent tempest and the English fleet destroyed and dispersed his vessels, and he was entirely unsuccessful.

Sir Walter Raleigh obtained an extensive grant of lands in America of the queen, and took a colony to what is now North Carolina, and from him its capital derived its name. He took another colony rather more to the north, and named the place Virginia. Some writers

in this reign do honor to their country. Shakspeare, Spencer, Sidney, and Hooker are well known, and Lord Francis Bacon was one of the greatest of philosophers.

Two years before Elizabeth's death her favorite, Robert Evereux, Earl of Essex, offended her, and she had him put to death. She never had another happy day, and died March 24, 1603, in the 70th year of her age and the 45th of her reign.

## Mabel.

BY H. A. HEYDON.

Oh! I well remember Mabel;  
Mabel with her eyes of light—  
Her pure brow—her clustering ringlets  
Dusky as the wing of night.

And I very well remember  
How her silvery voice would ring,  
Like the blue-bird's liquid music,  
On the scented air of spring.

As June leaves, in passing by us,  
Flowery foot-prints on the sod,  
So love, joy, and peace in blossom  
Told where little Mabel trod.

As we trace a rose's hiding  
By the fragrance floating round,  
So, by gentle deeds, and holy,  
Little Mabel might be found.

Were there tears, or pain, or suffering?  
Soothing these was Mabel's part,  
For she came with her sweet presence  
Like a Sabbath to the heart.

But a dark and heavy shadow  
On our darling Mabel fell,  
And her loving eyes were folded—  
Little Mabel sleepeth well!

Now we cannot hear the thrilling  
Of our Mabel's gentle tone,  
But our hearts still keep an echo  
Of the music that is gone.

Avaricious men never sing. The man who attacks singing throws a stone at the head of hilarity, and would, if he could, rob June of its roses, or August of its meadow larks.

Envy, if surrounded on all sides by the brightness of another's prosperity, like the scorpion, confined within a circle of fire, will sting itself to death.

## Subscribing vs. Borrowing.

BY SARAH J. EDDY.

"Did you get anything at the office?" was the question with which Mrs. Edwards met her husband, as he came to supper.

"Did you *expect* anything?" and he looked teasingly into his wife's expectant face.

"Yes; my magazine; it comes about this time in the month. You *have* it, I know!" and she made an unceremonious swoop at the coat pocket, a little too plethoric not to contain something; but her husband caught her hand and held her back.

"Now, Gates, it's too bad in you to tease me so, when you know I'm *dying* to see it." Mrs. Edwards, like many other people, was "dying daily," but never dead. "I've been waiting for a whole month to hear from poor 'Madeline.' Do give it to me, Gates!" becoming half frantic again.

"Well, Mary, get up supper, and I'll cut the leaves for you," and taking the buff magazine from his pocket, he began the operation; and by the time it was completed, and ready for the hand which quivered to receive it, the coffee was poured, and the neat supper for two upon the table.

"Are you going to dispense with supper?" and Gates Edwards looked into the absorbed, animated face of his wife, as she bent over her inverted plate, swiftly glancing over the fresh pages.

"Yes; until I read 'Out in the World.' Shall I read it aloud, or haven't you kept all the links of the chain?"

"I believe I have," he replied, looking down at the carpet, as though the last chapter had terminated there; he was too discreet a husband to deny *any* recollection of the preceding chapter of a tale, in which, at the present moment, his wife's interest was centred; and too kind and sympathetic not to double her enjoyment of the narrative by sharing it with her.

"Let's see," he said, musingly, "Madeline was at the Springs?"

"Yes, yes," hastily interrupted Mary; but don't you remember? she left very suddenly, after meeting Mr. Jansen."

"Oh, yes! I do remember now!" a light breaking into his eyes. "Yes, I remember!" taking up his coffee cup, and Mary began the new chapter, and was about half through, when an emphatic rap disturbed them.

"Oh, dear! it's too bad!" and Mrs. Edwards made a motion to arise.

"I'll go to the door," said her amiable husband.

"Has Mrs. Edwards' magazine come yet?" she heard the well known voice of a little boy inquire.

"It came this evening, but she has not read it," she heard her husband reply; and closing the door, he returned to the dining-room.

"Mrs. White sent for your magazine, Mary," a twinkle in his eye.

"Oh, I knew the voice, the moment I heard it. There'll be no rest now, till she has it. She'll send over again in the morning, before I have time to finish it. It's too bad!"

"Don't you like to accommodate your neighbors?" asked Mr. Edwards, with a quizzing smile.

"Yes; as well as any one; but I do not like to be *forced* into lending my magazine, before I have read it myself; and that by one as well able to take it as I am. She has read every number of the 'Home' for the last three years, as regularly as I have received them; but whenever I ask her to join a club, she always has an excuse. I wonder what she would think, if I should send after her *shoes* for a day or two twelve times a year!" Mr. Edwards smiled.

"You are severe, Mary, upon poor Mrs. White; but I saw you *sending* it to Annie Hale, and Mrs. Dorsey."

"Different case entirely! both are particular friends of mine; and to both I am indebted for reading matter; and farther, they don't *demand* it as a *right* and *matter of course*."

"There's the rub, I think!" laughed the husband.

"Indeed, Gates," she continued, looking serious, "it seems to me that few people look at magazine borrowing in its true light. They seem to think one which has been *read* of little value, except to *lend*. Now I am willing to lend my books; but it does grieve me to have a parcel of magazines come home, after a long absence, perhaps with some numbers missing, half the covers torn off, the engravings loose, or out, or the steel engravings *painted*, as one came back; and worse than all, some numbers lost from each year; thus spoiling a continued story; and when, as is often the case, I take all the numbers to look for a recipe, or an embroidery, or braiding pattern, I must turn over half a dozen leaves of each, instead of glancing in a moment over

the index, upon the cover, which has been torn off. I wanted so much to have them bound; but so much lending has not left me a complete year's numbers, although I have taken them for five years!"

"It is too bad, Mary! Why don't you induce your borrowing friends to subscribe?"

"Why don't I? that's the question. Because people have such strange views about reading matter. They will pay liberally for dress, household furniture, and supply their table richly; but they think it nonsense to spend a couple of dollars for something to read; and although they would be shocked at a lady who should borrow the shoes she wears to church, twelve times a year, will themselves commit as great an absurdity, by borrowing every month her neighbor's magazine."

"You are about right Mary!" replied her husband; and if you can only induce a few of your borrowing acquaintances to subscribe for 'Arthur,' perhaps at the end of '64 you will have one year complete to bind.

LEONA, Wisconsin.

## God Keepeth Thee.

BY H. C. T.

Soul of mine! by wondrous spell,  
Poised midway 'twixt heaven and hell,  
Upward now, in high aspiring,  
Downward thence, in low desiring;—  
What shall save thee—turn the scale,  
Lest the heavier weight prevail?

God keepeth thee.

Heart of mine! so strangely beating,  
Good and evil, ever meeting,  
Answering with responsive swell,  
Holy, and unholy spell,—  
Where, the stronger magnet's power,  
Saving in the evil hour.

God keepeth thee.

Life of mine! with blisses crowned,  
Sunk again in gloom profound,  
Bright with joy's bewildering light,  
Dark, in sorrow's rayless night,—  
In this sea, oh! billow-tossed,  
Wherefore is thy bark not lost?

God keepeth thee.

BANGOR, Maine.

Poverty is a bully if you are afraid of it, but is good-natured enough if you meet it like a man.

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## My Two Pictures.

BY HARRIET E. FRANCIS.

A broad, smooth breadth of snow, pure as the breath that frosted it; a deep, dark river rushing on between, fretted here and there into whiteness by the jagged rocks that choked its bed; a high battlement of rocks, fringed with hemlock and pines, and above all an unclouded setting sun, giving his parting keepsakes of purple, and amber, and gold beams to the faithful clouds that draped his parting exit. This was the picture, a picture for all time, on God's canvas, unfading, unsoiling, a thing of beauty, a joy forever, all sweetness, and the sweetest of it all that thou my friend gazed upon it with me. The purple, and amber, and gold of the clouds soon faded in darkness; the pure, white snow passed into dark, brown mould, and the dark, clear river became turbid with the soiling earth, and all beauty faded away, but the picture was safe, lined on memory's tablets where it could never grow dim.

Another picture that time has given me to hang side by side is one from mental life. Bright, bursting buds of thought drape it tenderly, gentle tears of sympathy give it rainbow hues; and words of kindness yield sweet music, like chiming winds and the singing current. New truths imperishable take forms of adamant, and loving smiles bring forth the boughs and leaves of unfading evergreen to beautify the oasis of the heart. The calm, pure rest of peaceful communion lies unbroken over the hours as fair as snow, and the rays of intellect, bursting from the mind, brighten it like the setting sun.

The hours that gave this picture have passed away; the loving smiles come not to my eye, and the sweet music of words is hushed perhaps for me forever; the rays of intellect are lost in distance, and the new truths are covered with the mould of time, but the picture is bright and new as the morning, beautifying the walls of memory, and making the room a sweet home to linger in the remnant of time, and the sweetest of it all is, that thou, my friend, gave it to me.

BEREA, Ohio.

The useful and the beautiful are never apart. It is a blind man's question to ask why those things should be loved and worshipped which are beautiful.

## The Way Through.

A Sequel to the Story of Janet Strong.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

### CHAPTER IV.

Six months had passed. You can form some conception of what they must have been to this Janet Strong, lifted suddenly out of the barrenness and toil of her past, into this new, warm, luxurious present.

In her case, of course, happiness was greatly heightened and intensified by contrast. Out from the background of hard and dreary years stood these days in their fulness of light and beauty, like some wonderful romance, and she walked amid them for a while like one in a dream, half afraid the good was too vast and sudden to be real.

Of course this feeling of novelty, this delicious sense of change and enjoyment, must wear itself out after a time. Life has no circumstances or positions which sooner or later do not develop their peculiar trials, their responsibilities, which cannot be shirked, their relations and duties which must be endured and fulfilled.

But Janet had not come to these yet, and it was natural, if, perhaps not wisest, that she should fancy this new life into whose soft lap she had fallen should last forever; that her days should go singing down its streams, that its banks should always lift their sheets of bloom on either side of her, and that little bark of hers need no one to stand at the helm, for the years would never bring it again out into the broad sea, where the storms should walk in their wrath and darkness.

She expected in some vague sense—we are all so apt to do that—that the future would redeem that heavy debt of loss and denial which her childhood and youth owed to her.

She was not indolent now; all her faculties were awake, stimulated by the new tributaries which flowed into and enlarged her existence. Music, pictures, books, cultivated society—all that these could give her she drank in greedily.

When nature sets out to make a lady, it takes a good deal of hard and stubborn circumstance to thwart her. Janet Strong proved this in a variety of ways, and one was the eagerness with which she availed herself of her present opportunities, seeking growth and improvement amid these new social and intellectual influences.

To Guy Humphreys and his wife there was always a slight but perpetual mystery about

their governess. Thoroughly well-bred as were these two, fastidious, both by nature and education, it was certainly remarkable that Janet, thrown with them constantly as she was, hardly ever transgressed any canon of etiquette; her intuitions were so delicate, her observations so acute, that even in the eyes of these people they fairly stood her in the stead of cultivation or experience.

So she always carried to them something of the interest and mystery of a heroine. Neither this man or woman could comprehend how a young girl, without advantages of family, fortune or cultivation, could make of herself what Janet was, little imagining how much they themselves were contributing to the result.

The young governess perhaps had some vague intuition, which did not develop itself into consciousness of the attitude in which she stood towards Mr. and Mrs. Humphreys; at all events, she never indulged them with the details of her history, and this silence, entirely removed from all affectation on Janet's part, was certainly more dignified, and helped maintain her position in the eyes of both Mr. and Mrs. Humphreys.

Do not mistake me here. She made no attempt to elevate herself in the eyes of these two by hinting that her past was different, or better than it was; she made no capital out of their interest or curiosity, and she said to them—

"I am an orphan, without fortune or a congenial friend in the world. I have experienced many privations, and struggled up to this time through many bitter trials, and if I am worthy of your, or anybody's regard, or ever accomplish anything, I shall owe it to nobody but God and myself, unless, it may be, to the mother who left her last kiss on my lips before I had seen my twelfth birthday."

This was about all Janet vouchsafed of her life, all certainly her employers had a right to ask, and although Evelyn Humphreys did manifest sometimes a little natural curiosity on this subject, she was quite too well-bred to push her inquiries so far as to embarrass her governess.

"I am sure," she said, occasionally, to her husband, "that Miss Janet has seen good society, although she never suggests it. It would be quite impossible for her to appear as she does, if she'd always lived in this out-of-the-way old town, with only coarse, uncultivated people about her."

"It would hardly be possible, I think," Mr.

Humphreys would answer, laying down his paper, for he usually manifested more interest when Janet was the subject of his wife's indolent gossip, than he did when she talked of her other friends.

"There's no doubt about it, Guy, that there's some great mystery about our governess."

"Well, whatever it is, you may be sure, Evelyn, she has no reason to be ashamed of it. That face of hers will be witness for her anywhere."

"Of course it would, Guy. I have as much faith in Miss Janet, in every respect, as I have in any woman in the world, and every day I like her better."

And so the harmless criticisms ebbed and flowed about the young girl; and the winter went over her, and the spring dawned and ripened into May, and brought her down to this afternoon of which I was about to tell, when I commenced this chapter, and my pen wandered away from it.

It was somewhere in the middle of May—I am certain of that, and the earth was full of the great, new joy of its resurrection. The air was spiced with the scent of apple blossoms and springing grass. The sunshine poured its golden flames everywhere, touching all things into fulness of life, and beauty, and gladness.

And after the day's lessons were over, Janet Strong came out of the house, and walked among the paths which sloped and circled down to the little pond. She had no definite aim in this walk, only the warmth, and life, and beauty outside called to her, and she would have followed the path had it led anywhere else.

The gladness of sky and earth entered into all the open doors of this girl's soul, and glowed outward in her face again, lifting it into new life and bloom. There was a dark founce of daintily trained shrubbery all along the bank of this pond, broken in one place where two or three steps went down into the stream, and close by these the boat was moored which had been laid up all winter, and which the gardener had brought out that very day.

So Janet Strong stood still and watched the pretty row-boat softly rocking on the water. She held her little sun hat in her hands. Perhaps never in her whole life had she herself looked quite so pretty as she did standing there on the bank of the pond, amid the sunshine and the dark fringe of shrubbery.

Mr. and Mrs. Humphreys had been absent

for a couple of days, visiting some friends thirty miles off, and were not expected home for a couple more.

"I never expected to be so happy as this in my life," murmured Janet, her memory slipping away down into other springs, not like this one.

"I am heartily glad to hear you say that, Miss Janet," said a voice at her side.

She started, and—there was Guy Humphreys standing by her. It was very natural that the young girl should blush with surprise and embarrassment at being overheard—whether the blushes had root in any deeper emotion, Janet could not herself have told at that moment, but blushes were certainly becoming to her.

"Mr. Humphreys—is it possible—I thought you were in Stoneham," she faltered.

"I suppose so, but I had an errand into the adjoining town, and fearing that you might be lonely, I concluded to run over and see how it fared with you."

It certainly indicated a great degree of solicitude on the part of the gentleman to ride twenty-five miles and back merely to assure himself of his governess's comfort, when the housekeeper and the servants had this in especial charge. Janet's face and voice showed she felt it.

"Thank you, Mr. Humphreys. You have hardly allowed me to give any limit to your kindness and care, but this new proof of it is greater than ever I could have imagined."

"You have a wonderful faculty of turning pretty compliments, Miss Janet. I am a man, and change like the rest of my sex, so I must express my sense of your pretty speech in the most delicate way I can," and he bent down and kissed softly the half drooping forehead of Janet Strong.

"Oh, Mr. Humphreys—you should not," she faltered, with a little struggling, half deprecatory gesture, in which however was no anger.

"Perhaps not; but you shouldn't have answered me so sweetly that I could not express my gratitude in a less tender way."

She did not reply; she stood still in a pretty confusion of face, which was as attractive as the most accomplished coquette's, though Janet was not one.

Then Mr. Humphreys led the conversation into other channels; of the weather, and the grounds, and Maude's progress in her studies; and at last the gardener came along, and after his surprise at seeing his young master



was over, he took them both around to the beds of crocuses and hyacinths, which had opened during the last three days in a great surf of gold and purple bloom.

And here Maude, watching from the front windows, descried them. In a moment the child was out of the front door, and bounding down the walk.

"Uncle Guy—Uncle Guy, where in the world did you come from?"

He took her in his arms and kissed her.

"From Stoneham, my little girl."

"But what made you come back without Aunt Evelyn?"

"Oh, I had several matters which your small head wouldn't contain to see about; such as giving the gardener some suggestions, seeing whether I'd had any important telegrams or letters from the city, &c."

Maude was easily satisfied; but there was a pleased gleam in the eyes of Janet Strong. *She* knew that none of these ostensible reasons had brought Mr. Humphreys home, and of all the world, she only knew it.

They all went up to the house together, chatting over ordinary matters; and here the gentleman was persuaded by the housekeeper to remain to supper, and was obliged to start away the moment that was over. Janet and Maude accompanied him to the door, as was natural. He kissed the little girl, and then sent her off to find a pamphlet which he had inadvertently left on the hall table, and during the brief interval in which the child was gone, he took leave of his governess in a way that would not have pleased his wife Evelyn, and she was not naturally a jealous woman.

Janet watched with Maude the carriage out of sight, and then ran up to her room, in a flutter of pleased excitement. Now I am not painting any faultless heroine, any incarnation of all saintly and impossible virtues, but simply a woman, hardly that yet, a young girl with neither friends nor fortune, with nobody in the wide world to warn or counsel her; a young girl in many respects singularly attractive, with many fine attributes of character, with good sense, and on the whole, earnest desires to do right; but still impressionable, susceptible, carrying ever with her some vague sense of loss, and unfulfilment in her life.

She was not above caring for admiration. It pleased, delighted her, as it does most of her sex, and I think she was peculiarly susceptible to it, because with her there were no family ties to take its place. And she had come to know before this, no matter how—

women usually have an unerring instinct in such cases—that Guy Humphreys admired her; a knowledge that would have flattered almost any woman.

He had, however, by no word or gesture even given expression to this feeling until that afternoon, but the kiss by the pond, so light and reverential that it had hardly grazed her forehead, that parting at the door, and above all that ride of twenty-five miles and back, just for an hour or two of her society, told to Janet Strong its own story.

And she walked up and down her room, while the darkness came up slowly and drowned the twilight, with a pleased smile about her lips, and a gleam of triumph in her eyes, her memory gathering up and feeding her vanity with every word, and tone, and gesture of this man's, and marvelling greatly within herself to find that she had been able to inspire a man like Mr. Humphreys with interest and admiration.

He was not one of those weak sort of men, whom the sight of a pretty face always throws off their balance; neither was he worse than that, a man who liked on all occasions to prove his power over women, by awakening an interest and tenderness for himself on their part. For all this Guy Humphreys was too high-toned and honorable a man, but Janet Strong was a different sort of woman from any who had come in his way. There was in her so much freshness and simplicity, combined with so much intelligence and reserve power, as her life had proved, that she was a perpetual interest and study to the accomplished and critical gentleman.

The women whom he had known had been daintily and tenderly reared; whatsoever they were they owed in a large sense to circumstances; but here was one against whose whole life they had set their faces, who could in most things fairly take her place among the women of his circle, and bear off the palm from many of them. This was what puzzled the man. Besides, there was nothing in the remotest degree masculine about Janet. She was naturally somewhat shy when her subject did not possess her, and her passion for improvement led the way to long and frequent conversations betwixt the gentleman and his governess; and the straightforward simplicity and eagerness with which Janet asked her questions, and received his communications, were something entirely new, and as he termed it, very "refreshing" to Guy Humphreys.

At last there came a soft knock at Janet's door. She knew who it was before she opened it, and found Maude in her night-dress.

"Why, I had no idea it was so late!"

"What makes you stay up here in the dark all alone?" asked the child, with that pretty peremptoriness which everybody allowed in her.

"Well, a fancy I've happened to take."

"And I shall make my evening prayer here in the dark, with the stars looking in at the window," said Maude, for the twilight was almost gone now.

"Yes, if you like, dear," answered Janet, softly.

So the child knelt down, and looked like a white cloud fallen on the floor, as she clasped her hands on her governess's lap, and lisped out her evening petitions in her sweet, grave voice, closing with that one prayer, which in its worship and supplication articulates all human need, and trust, and whose sentence is the eternal witness of that great and tender kindness between the earthly child, and the infinite Parent, "Our Father, who art in Heaven." Maude rose up.

"Will you kiss me good-night here?" laying her hand on the golden curls of the little pupil she had grown to love, almost as a mother her first born.

"Yes—yes; only first I should like to ask you a question, Miss Janet," a little uncertainty and gravity in her tones.

"Well, what is it?"

"I don't think that quite all this prayer belongs to us, to such folks as you and me."

The child's voice crept slowly and cautiously along the words, as though she sought somehow to fortify her meaning by them, as children are apt to when they deal with doubts and abstractions.

"What part of the prayer, Maude?" asked her governess, curiously.

"Why, that part which says, 'keep us from temptation. Deliver us from evil.' It must mean very wicked folks, such as murderers, and thieves, and liars, you know," her voice going glibly enough along her meaning now.

Janet Strong drew her breath. Was an angel speaking to her through this child?

"I think, Maude, that prayer is for just such people as you and I."

"You do—what temptation have you and I had, what evils to be delivered from, this very day now?" concentrating all the force of her argument in a practical application of it.

"Kept not only from wrong acts, my chill, but from all wrong, and angry, and bitter thoughts, from all unworthy and selfish feeling, which our Father in Heaven could not approve of, and which we should blush to carry before him—this is what the prayer means," answered Janet, feeling as though she was uttering her own condemnation, yet none the less would she hold back the truth because of this.

Maude drew in her breath.

"I didn't think it went so deep as that."

"Didn't you? I'm afraid we are all apt to forget it. But to-night, after you are snugly tucked up in bed, just go carefully over all the hours of this day, and see if you can't recall some wrong word, or thought, or act, which brings the prayer home to you too."

Maude kissed her teacher with a new feeling of solemnity that night, and went out softly with her own thoughts. And Janet sat alone with hers in the starlight. That question of her little pupil still stood in her soul awaiting its answer. Had she too, this day, been "kept from temptation, and delivered from evil?"

Had not both of these come to her in the soft kiss which Guy Humphreys had pressed on her forehead, standing there in the warm May light by the thick shrubbery, with the boat rocking at her feet?

If Evelyn, his wife, had been there, would he have caressed her so—would he go back to-night and tell her all he had done? To these questions Janet's instincts could make but one answer; still, she tried to put them aside; they were not pleasant ones. She got up and paced her chamber in the darkness, and told her conscience that it was very absurd and squeamish to put such a harmless little gallantry in such a light, that neither she nor Mr. Humphreys meant anything by the act or the permitting of it.

But when she looked out of the window, there were the steadfast stars, and still over the waves of her disturbed thoughts rode and anchored in the deep places of her soul the soft voice of Maude Woolcott, "keep us from temptation, and deliver us from evil."

And at last she turned round and faced the thought. Was there any "temptation" here? If Mr. Humphreys really was interested in, admired, was in a certain sense fond of her—was it wrong? And now Janet was honest with herself—putting away with a struggle all vanity and personal feeling from the matter, and so, her thoughts as once before

cleared themselves out into the right. She saw that this thing must inevitably result in unhappiness for both of them. The *spirit* of such a relation must be kept secret from all the world as well as any expression of it.

What right had she to entertain toward Guy Humphreys a feeling which his wife must regard as a wrong done to herself, and what right had Guy Humphreys to bestow an attention or a caress on her, which he would not for a moment permit Mrs. Humphreys to receive from another man? Her friend, steadfast, even affectionate, he might be, but something more and tenderer than this, something that all high and pure souls of men and women must universally condemn, this something without name, more than friend, less than lover, Guy Humphreys must not be to her.

It would be very pleasant, doubtless, walking in these paths, that they might christen friendship, but there was temptation lurking there, and evil beyond.

And then the fair face of the girl-wife, who had received her into her home and treated her, unknown stranger as she was, in all respects like a friend and equal, seemed to come up and reproach Janet. Not that she believed it in her power, as it certainly never entered her thought, to win the allegiance of Guy Humphreys from his wife, but she might intrude on thoughts and interests to which Evelyn alone had right or title, and here Janet began to feel the need of fortifying herself. She was not in love with this man, but his admiration was so pleasant to her, that in the end it might become a necessity to her happiness. It would be best, even now, to watch herself, and to allow neither thought nor fancy to slip off into these dangerous channels. "God helping me," said Janet, lifting her steadfast face to the stars, "I will do the right in this matter."

So her will gathered itself up once more mightily, and that night, when her voice failed to carry its burdens, her soul took it up and bore it before God, "Keep us from temptation, and deliver us from evil."

"Miss Janet," said Maude, coming to her governess next morning after breakfast, "I thought over what we talked of, after I was in bed last night, and I found it was just as you said, that the prayer was intended for me too."

Janet caught the child to her heart. "So did I," she said softly.

Maude looked up in a great surprise, but there was something in the face of her gov-

erness just then which prevented her making any farther inquiries.

#### CHAPTER V.

At the time appointed, Mr. and Mrs. Humphreys returned. The latter was in the most sparkling mood, full of effervescing delight at getting home again, with all kinds of amusing and picturesque stories of her visit. She had a demonstrative meeting for Maude, and one hardly less so for Janet, scattering her brightness, very much like sunbeams, everywhere, only there was more restlessness, and less warmth in it, for Evelyn Humphreys was only a child still, and a spoiled one at that.

Mr. Humphreys met his governess very cordially, but not just as he had done that day by the pond.

That afternoon, however, Janet entered the library in search of a book, and to her surprise found Mr. Humphreys, reading some letters, when she fancied him in the grounds with his gardener.

"Oh, I beg your pardon sir," with her hand on the door knob, "I will not interrupt you. Another time will answer my purpose as well."

"Come in—come in, Miss Janet," insisted the gentleman. I shall be vexed if the sight of me actually frightens you away. What were you in quest of?"

"Only the last volume of Louis the Fourteenth's Reign, but my want is not imperative."

Mr. Humphreys took the volume from the shelf, brought it forward, and handed it to Janet.

As she received it his hand closed softly, and tightly over hers. "Miss Janet," he said, "I was not satisfied with the welcome which you gave me this morning."

Poor Janet! It was a cruel moment for her. She could not bear the thought of offending this man, her friend, her benefactor, and the old love of admiration came over her. She faltered a moment, and then the thought of her prayer came in and rescued her. "You must have forgotten, my dear sir: I said I was intensely glad to see you and Mrs. Humphreys back, and I am not demonstrative, as you know. That meant a great deal with me."

"Perhaps so, but I did not say all I wished to," and he bent down his face, and in a moment the little scene by the pond would have been repeated.

Janet drew her head back swiftly. The blushes were alive in her cheeks, but her voice was faithful to her this time, as she drew back. "No, Mr. Humphreys, that is a kind of wel-

come back which I have right nor title to, unless Mrs. Humphreys is by to endorse it." The gentleman looked at her with a half-thwarted, half-perplexed face. "But supposing Mrs. Humphreys, as is quite possible, should object to so explicit an avowal of my sentiments, thinking that they impinged somewhat on her rights."

"Then certainly, sir, I ought to."

There was no mistaking Janet now. Her steadfast voice, her whole face, lifted itself into a meaning which could not be mistaken.

The courtly gentleman was chagrined, baffled. "I thought you regarded me as your friend, Miss Janet, in some deeper sense than society permits—to that name!" he said, in a tone half crest-fallen, a good deal wounded, a little reproachful.

"In every true and honorable sense I hope I may always do this, Mr. Humphreys," and her voice almost unconsciously shaded the adjectives with a deeper meaning.

Guy Humphreys' nature was one that under ordinary circumstances would respond promptly to a sentiment like this; but just now wounded vanity, and defeated pride, held the mastery.

"And did you fancy that I wished to be your friend in any lower sense?" a little petulant, a little indignant. But Janet had taken the first step, and that had given her courage.

"Whatever I may have fancied, Mr. Humphreys, I believe that you have the will as you certainly have the power, to prove you are—all I said."

It was hard to resist the sweet, earnest face turned up to him now, still it would have taken a better man than Guy Humphreys to acknowledge on the moment that he had been weak, and wrong, and baffled in it all, too, by a woman, that in the world's eyes, at least, was greatly his inferior, although he did not think of Janet in this light. He made one more effort.

"And so, I am to be your friend, only just so far as Mrs. Humphreys has knowledge, and gives consent?"

"Only just so far." A bright smile came with the words, but somehow, at that moment, Guy Humphreys thought of sunshine upon a rock—something like a rock lay underneath that smile of hers.

The man's face cleared up a little. He took the girl's hand and touched it to his lips.

"Well, then, just so much as this, I am ready and willing to confess to Mrs. Humphreys," and he returned to the library.

Janet went her way. Perhaps you will think she had only acted right in this matter, and deserved no especial credit for it. But it is a hard thing to "only act just right" sometimes, especially when insidious, and very pleasant temptations beguile us. When the millennium comes, and not before, we may do that.

If the temptation had come in a more overt form, she might have braced herself to resist it, but this flattering preference of Guy Humphreys carried so fair and innocent a face, and then you must recollect, she had no friends to warn and advise her in a matter of this kind. She could not see that this private flirtation with a married man, for call it by what softer name we may, it would have inevitably developed itself into this, must only resulted in pain and heartburning, and unhappiness.

Her sense of right would grow confused, her judgment more or less lose its balance, her vanity would be stimulated, her emotions strained, and if she had not actually fallen in love with the gentleman, his attentions and admiration would have awakened an interest, and a class of emotions, that must have held her in a constantly morbid and unhealthful state of feeling.

And when the end came, as sooner or later it must, there would have been wasted thought, and emotions to lament, and unhappy memories, which, if not keen remorse, would not be readily laid to sleep, and through their whole intercourse a constant sense of something hidden and wrong in *spirit*, but whose tendency could only be to relax the whole moral tone of her character. And Guy Humphreys, although he might shudder at the thought of doing Janet any wrong, would have done just what many men would, who make far greater professions than this one did—have allowed and invited the fine tendrils of her feelings to gather themselves about him in his secret soul, he would have hugged with delight the consciousness of the power he had gained over this girl.

And he would have gone on, knowing all the while that he was doing Janet an irretrievable wrong—that only out of long pain and struggle could she be delivered from the snare in which he was entrapping her, and that he must leave a scar on her soul which it was doubtful whether time could ever efface.

All this Guy Humphreys would have known, and yet, his gratified self-love would have led him to pursue the game, not without frequent expostulations of his better nature—



not without occasional remorse and regret, and certainly not without his own feelings were deeply enlisted in the matter. He would probably have stopped short of any overt disloyalty to his wife, but the spirit of the flirtation would have been the same, and from its roots, sooner or later, he must have reaped his harvest of lost self-respect, of bitter and remorseful memories.

Janet did not suspect half of the misery from which that small heroism of hers had delivered her. She went to her room and sat down with the book in her lap, and went over the interview in her thoughts. She knew she had done right, she was glad of it, but yet she was very much afraid that she had given Mr. Humphreys abiding offence, and that he would treat her with only cool politeness in future.

She felt quite too much solicitation on this subject, for she was very far from perfect, at the best, and was not half willing enough to leave results in their own place.

Before night, however, she was set at rest here. Mr. Humphreys and she came upon each other unexpectedly, out on the back piazza, where she had gone to enjoy some early roses and hyacinths, which the gardener had placed there.

The first feeling of mortified vanity and baffled self-love, had worn itself off, and his better self had gained the ascendant. It had cleared even the face of Guy Humphreys, as he gave Janet his hand. "I have been thinking over what you said to me this morning," looking at her with a smile.

"And how did you think of it, Mr. Humphreys?"

"Well, I finally concluded that you were a remarkably sensible little woman, Miss Janet, although you made me feel like a very great fool, or something worse."

"Oh, I hope not. Nothing, I assure you, was further from my intention."

"Most likely. The deduction from the premises, however, was a logical one, although you were in no wise responsible for it, but Miss Janet, you have shown me to myself in a very silly and absurd light, and that is a little more than I ever had the grace to acknowledge to any woman before."

"And now, because my punishment has been severe enough, will you forgive me, and take me for what you said, your friend, in every true and honorable sense?"

There were tears in the eyes of Janet Strong, and the two clasped hands in this new covenant, in which was neither weakness nor sin.

"I was not wrong in believing you had the will to be this to me," she said.

At this moment Evelyn danced out on the veranda, for through the fulness and joy of the spring days she was restless and migratory as a bird.

As the lady met her husband and her governess, she started with a tragic pantomime of surprise and indignation.

"Miss Janet," said the little lady, with a laugh in her eyes, which took from tone and gesture all their tragic emphasis, "I have borne my sorrows in meekness and silence, until both have ceased to be a virtue. It is with me a settled conviction that you have enticed my husband from his marital allegiance, and that I am an unloved, neglected, outraged wife! What farther proof could I desire of all this, than coming thus suddenly upon a private conference betwixt you and Mr. Humphreys, when I fancied one in the school-room, the other in the graper?"

"Evelyn, my dear, what a charming actress your father's fortune spoiled. The drama is your vocation."

"Don't think to appease my roused indignation by prettily turned compliments," shrugging her shoulders. "Will you solemnly affirm that this meeting was entirely unpremeditated on your part, Mr. Humphreys?"

"Entirely: I came out here to see how my roses and hyacinths were progressing, and found a fairer than either among them."

"The man doesn't hesitate to avow his sentiments, right in my presence," exclaimed Mrs. Humphreys, with another pantomime, that said something her eyes did not.

"There is no danger, my dear madam, so long as such sentiments are only uttered in your presence," interposed Janet.

"I did not think of the matter in that light. You always have something so sensible, so straight to the point, little lady, that nobody can dispute it. And you will assure me, Mr. Humphreys, that it is only in your wife's presence you would make such a compliment to Miss Janet?"

Evelyn Humphreys did not suspect how near the truth her jesting question struck, or that the young teacher's glowing cheeks had some deeper source than the light talk of the moment.

"I can positively affirm that Miss Janet would not listen to any such speeches, if I made them outside of my wife's presence."

A new joy thrilled Janet at these words. Already she was reaping her reward for what



she had done. She turned and looked at Mrs. Humphreys with her glad eyes, in which was some meaning that the lady could not interpret.

But there was some language of truth and loyalty in her face, which moved the impulsive little woman:

"I know she wouldn't," she said. "I would trust Miss Janet under any circumstances in the world. She is true to the core."

"Do you really place my integrity so high as that?" asked Janet, hardly conscious of what she said, only knowing one thing, that she would prove herself worthy of the young wife's trust through all future temptation.

"Yes, just so high," said Evelyn Humphreys, half repeating in her own face the gravity which she saw in Janet's.

Guy Humphreys listened to all this—watching the two women. What he thought of it all, neither his face nor his words showed, only Janet felt there was some secret, perhaps unacknowledged motive which prompted him to say, suddenly and soberly, to his wife—

"Evelyn, do you think it would be possible for you to be jealous of me?"

The young wife's face fell into a momentary meditation as she looked off at the possibility, and her face and voice were almost stern as she answered—

"I might, if you gave me occasion for it."

Janet drew a long breath of thankfulness. And afterwards this struggle through which she had come was not without its salutary effect upon her life and character, and they drew from it some new moral power of resistance.

She had been in quite too relaxed and too receptive a state, drifting along with the smooth currents of her pleasant, luxurious life, and letting them carry her pretty much as they would, feeling that she was nestled down in a delightful security where there was nothing to be resisted, nothing to be overcome.

But this trial stirred her: her conscience was quickened, her higher instincts aroused themselves. She began to feel that here too she might render some service, have some influence for good. She had not been overcome of adversity, she told herself; with God's help she would not be of prosperity.

And now the large old country mansion, over which the winter had gone dreamily, in its soft, white garments, began to rouse itself into some new life of bustle and anticipation.

Mrs. Humphreys declared she had hiberna-

ted quite long enough, and relished the thought of seeing some of her city friends again.

"It's such a charming place, letting alone the attraction of Guy's society and mine, that I've no doubt we shall be overrun with company before the summer is out," she said to Janet.

And Janet thought of the winter, with its happy, brooding quiet, and longed to take Maude and hide herself and her little pupil off somewhere in the heart of the deep green summer, where the gay city people who were about to make their advent would never disturb them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Gazing into the Fire.

BY MRS. H. M. L. WARNER.

We were sitting around the large, old-fashioned fireplace, with its blackened and sooty back, its carved mantel-piece, its polished andirons, and its blazing logs, throwing their fingers of flame upward like so many enraged and hissing serpents, and its furnace of fiery coals beneath.

We were quietly gazing into the fire—Anne, Marie, Lelia and I—four frolicsome and fun-loving school-girls. But on this evening we were silent—almost sad—for the November wind wailed eerily through the pines on the hill-side, and the storm-spirit flapped its dark wings on the casement, or rapped impatiently at the great oaken hall-door. We were not afraid, but the night was a weird one, and we felt depressed and awed.

Lelia was the first to break the spell of this mental incubus, by suddenly startling us with a merry laugh, at the same time interrogating—

"What do you see in the fire, girls? I have seen rare and beautiful revealings of the future; a magnificent palace, with princely adornments; everything quite Oriental. Indeed, I predict that I shall yet be the favorite of some sultan or bashaw. What did you see, Anne?"

"Me! Why, I saw, or fancied I saw, a low-roofed cottage, near a little stream that went shimmering through the meadows like a silver thread, with drooping grass and modest flowers dipping into its bright waters." Anne paused, blushing, for Lelia's merry laugh rang out again, as she exclaimed—

"Just the picture Frank Lee paints for her

in their evening rambles, I'll be bound! What an eloquent word-painter he must be, to make city-bred Anne Howard turn rural maid! Maggie, dear"—addressing me—"what was revealed to you?"

"Nothing," I replied, "but what seemed the busy thoroughfare of a crowded city; people hurrying to and fro, intent on caring only for themselves."

"Now, Maggie," pleaded Lelia, "don't go to being self-reliant and strong-minded; if you do you will be an old maid to the end of the chapter—just like Aunt Persis, petting cats and hating babies, taking snuff and talking scandal. Ugh! it isn't like you, Maggie. But what did you see, Marie?"

Marie sighed, and answered—

"I saw something floating in a shroudy mist, which gradually assumed an angel form, and revealed the features of my precious sister. She beckoned me for an instant, and then faded slowly away. Would that I could go to her. She stands on the other side all alone—not one of her kindred near. Could I but wander with her, whether the way be bright or dark, I would willingly pass through the deep waters even now." Sobs checked her utterance. Even Lelia was subdued, for she knew and loved the departed.

Mrs. Wilton, who had quietly entered from the adjoining room, drew a chair up to the fire, seated herself, and questioned—

"Reading the fire, girls? I read it once. Shall I tell you about it?"

We gave an eager chorus of assent, glad of anything to disperse the gloom—particularly glad to listen to a narrative from the lips of our beloved teacher.

"Ten years ago," she said, "James Bennet and I sat one evening before this hearth, on just such a bleak November night as this. We had been speaking of our future—drawing it simple, home-like, and love-blessed—quite within our reach, when quiet crept over us, as the winds hushed and lulled themselves into momentary slumber. After a pause of indefinite length, James abruptly asked what I saw in the embers. 'Nothing,' I responded, 'but a quiet country sunset, dappled clouds in the zenith, fringes of soft gold and amber in the horizon; woods and waters, hill and dale, meadow and valley—all harmoniously disposed, and pleasant to the beholder. But what did you see?' I questioned.

"A hill, high and steep," he replied, "and on its summit a gorgeous temple. A wayfarer seemed to be climbing up towards it; the

task was toilsome and difficult, impeded by many obstacles; but the goal was reached at last; when, just as his eager hand grasped the portal, the temple suddenly grew dark, its scintillant pinnacles faded from view, and the whole fabric toppled and fell to ashes."

"That night I pondered our two revealings in my heart, and I knew that our life-paths lay wide apart—mine in green pastures and quiet nooks; his in high places, where wealth and fame wooed him with deceitful guise. So I wrenched the idea of our union away from my heart, and went reasoning all the day long. The time came for him to go, he bade me farewell (for a little time, he said), and there was moisture in his eye and sadness in his tone. The world called him, he explained, and I knew the world would claim and keep him, for he was talented, proud and ambitious.

Well, he toiled up the hill, perjured himself, and married the daughter of a man of high repute in senatorial halls, staked wealth, reputation, everything, in a political contest, and lost. The temple fell just as he was about to enter.

"About this time Mr. Wilton came to minister to the spiritual wants of this people, and take charge of the school. It was long before I learned his real value, so hidden was it beneath a quiet, reserved exterior. Circumstances at length revealed to me the heart of pure gold. I learned to love him with that reliant love never felt for James. Soon after our marriage he came broken in health and spirits.

"His wife was dead, and all his summer friends had grown chilly. My husband was acquainted with the little connected episode of our lives, and he labored diligently, though ineffectually, to bring him to realize 'that it was not all of life to live, nor all of death to die.' Never but once did he refer to the past. One day he was lounging by the open window, toying with the clustering roses, suddenly he remarked—

"'You are very forgiving, Mary, but are you happy?'"

"'Entirely so,' I replied. 'Happy and thankful.' He winced, but continued—

"'Is there no longing for the past, no disgust for the tameness of your present life?'"

"'None,' I replied. 'I am content.'"

"He turned his face away with a sigh. Poor fellow, he is dead now, and I trust his unquiet spirit has found the rest it never knew here."

How strange! I pondered, after Mrs. Wilton

had finished. Every person's life is unwritten; but the idea of one's future being revealed to them in the fire is preposterous. Many years have passed since that night. Lelia lives in a palatial (not Oriental) residence, gleaming with wealth and splendor, and, what is better, is happy. Anne milks her own cows and oversees her dairy; darling Marie is happy too, for she has gone over on the other side, and her sister pines no longer for kindred companionship; while I, amid the turmoil of a dense city, jostle and crowd with the rest, my woman's heart and nature at war with the masculine efforts I must make to sustain myself and endure life.

No one calls me Maggie now, but the more cold and stately Margaret. On dull evenings I frequently find myself gazing into the fire, but I read no change in its radiant coals or curling smoke; so I doubtless shall go on to the end a rather lonely, but not very miserable old maid.

## The Day and the Strength.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

War! The very word sent a shudder to the heart of Mrs. Irwin. From a child up, it had been associated in her mind with all that was horrible and wicked. To become a soldier, seemed, to her perception of the case, to involve a cruel instinct. She saw no glory in the profession of arms. Toy drums and swords were never seen in the hands of her children, except through the unwelcome agency of aunts, uncles, or friends; and they were, in these cases, soon removed, with sober homilies on their bad significance.

"I will teach my children," she would say, "to love their enemies; not to hate and destroy them. To be ever on the side of peace and good-will to mankind; not on the side of hatred and destruction."

Mrs. Irwin read tracts and books published by peace societies, and in the argument against war crowded her mind with facts, statistics and reasons, to a degree that made her a formidable debater on the non-combative question, with almost every one that happened to be drawn into an argument. It was useless to talk with her about the undying antagonism between good and evil, and the necessity of external as well as internal combats; of national regeneration through the baptism of blood; of a stable peace only through the destruction of enemies. She denied the posi-

tions. All wars were wrong, she contended, and might be avoided.

Not in anything had Mrs. Irwin swerved from her peace principles, up to the period when Sumter fell. But that event was like throwing, suddenly, into a strong, smooth current, a broad obstruction. Her whole being was in a tumult. She caught for breath like one in danger of suffocation. She felt as though the firm foundations on which she had been standing for years, were crumbling under her feet. Mrs. Irwin loved her country and revered its flag; and this assault upon the one, and desecration of the other, fired her soul with indignation; and when her oldest boy, not yet in his twenty-first year, said to her with clenched hands and flashing eyes,

"Mother, this must be avenged!"—

She did not answer, but sat with pale lips and face, looking at him in such trouble and bewilderment of mind that no thoughts became coherent enough for words, until he added, as he drew his slender form to its utmost height—

"And there is one ready."

"John! John!" fell in weak remonstrance from Mrs. Irwin. "Don't speak so! don't let a murderous spirit bear you away."

"Don't say murderous," replied the boy, with so much of rebuke in his tones that his mother answered quickly—

"A spirit of revenge, then, John. Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and I will repay it."

"Mother! shall we tamely submit to see this nation destroyed, and its flag, which has been honored throughout the world for eighty years, shot at, rent, and trampled upon?" The boy's eyes gleamed fiercely. "For one, I say *no*! And I have mistaken my mother's heart, if it does not echo back the word. I do not forget the lesson you taught me years ago, that love of country is next to love of God. And if we love an object purely, will we not defend it when assailed? Nay, even lay down our lives in its protection?"

In spite of all her peace principles, and horror of war, there flowed into the mind of Mrs. Irwin such a feeling of admiration for this outspoken patriotism of her son, that even though he read pride and approval in her humid eyes.

"War is an awful thing, John," said Mrs. Irwin.

"I know it is, mother. But, there are worse things than war; and that worse thing is at our door. You understand this as well as I do. They have thrown down the gauge

of war, and there is nothing left for us but to accept the hard necessity."

"But you are not called to this work, John," said Mrs. Irwin, the words faltering on her tongue. "There are strong men enough who will respond to the President's call. I cannot let you go, my son." The wet eyes of Mrs. Irwin overflowed.

John laid his hands firmly on his mother's shoulders, and looked steadily into her face. Then he kissed her tenderly. "For the blessings we enjoy, did not the mothers of the Revolution give their sons to the battle field?"

"I cannot bear it, my son! I am not strong enough for this." And Mrs. Irwin laid her face on the breast of her boy and wept shudderingly.

"As our day is, so shall our strength be, mother. Don't you believe this?"

"I do, John," answered Mrs. Irwin, lifting her face, and through half blinding tears, looking at him wonderingly. Nay, more than wonderingly; with a rising glow of pride in her heart. Every woman admires courage in a man; and the true mother loves it in her son. A new sentiment was taking force in the mind of Mrs. Irwin, and giving strength for duty and for sacrifice. She seemed to herself like one undergoing a quick transformation. New ideas and new estimate of things were pressing upon her, and thrusting old forms of thought aside. "I do, my son," she repeated, "but I never thought to see this day."

"The day has come upon us," replied the young man, "and shall we not be equal to its demand? I am ready, and you are ready also."

He spoke in a quick, inspiring voice, for he saw strength in the eyes of his mother, and a gathering firmness about her mouth.

Only a little while longer was there strife in the mind of Mrs. Irwin; only a little while longer did old prejudices and foregone conclusions battle with new convictions; only a little while longer did shrinking natural fear stand in the way of duty.

A week later, and Mrs. Irwin held the hand of her son in parting. How changed he was! In a single week, he had seemed to grow older by years. The firmly knit mouth; the deep, steady eyes; the finely erect figure; the already browning face, for he had been drilling in the open air for days; the brave, resolute bearing, were all wonderful to look upon as the work of so brief a time. Is it strange that Mrs. Irwin was proud of her soldier boy? She held his hand in parting.

"Do your duty, John," she said, in no weakness of tone.

"I will, mother."

"Be brave."

"I will never turn my back upon the enemy."

"God bless you and keep you, my son!"

Mrs. Irwin's eyes filled now, and her woman's heart trembled in her voice.

"I shall be in His hands, just the same, mother."

"I know it, John; and if death comes to you"—

Mrs. Irwin broke down. She could not finish the sentence.

"It will be through his permission. Are not even the sparrows in his keeping?" said John, calmly. "How much more human souls."

They parted. Very pale, for all of that day and the next, was Mrs. Irwin. But her bearing was firm. If her heart was troubled, it was not weak. She was a wonder to herself.

"Truly, it is so," she would repeat over and over again, in her thought: "as our day is, so shall our strength be."

To an intimate friend she said—

"I sometimes ask myself if I am not dreaming. Can it be possible that my boy is a soldier, and in face of the enemy; and that he is there with my consent?"

"Would you have him back?" asked the friend.

A quick change, as of surprise, was seen for a moment in the face of Mrs. Irwin; then she answered, calmly—

"No; I yield him to his country."

"He looked so brave and manly," said the friend.

A glow of pride came into the mother's face.

"And seemed," was added, "to comprehend so clearly the issues at stake. It was no murderous thirst for blood; no love of excitement and change that filled his heart; but that true patriotism which is the inspiration of an honorable mind, and gives it the courage to meet death in defence of Country and Right. I honor you, my friend, in being the mother of such a son."

How strangely pleasurable were the pulses that leaped away from the heart of Mrs. Irwin. This praise of her son was very sweet.

Weeks passed. With what an absorbing interest did Mrs. Irwin watch the progress of events. Once she turned with an instinctive repugnance from all accounts of military movements and battles; but now she had no taste for anything else. The whole country



was spread out, like a map, in her mind, and every strategic point, with its camps and soldiers, strongly marked. The marshalling of troops; their movements, strength, and positions, were now familiar things; and her heart beat high with pleasure at every trifling success, or veiled itself with shadows when even the smallest reverse was sustained. With what an irrepressible impatience did she look for the regularly coming letters from her son; and with what a proud satisfaction did she read every detail of his new life that showed courage, endurance, and self-denial! She felt that he was a true soldier, and therefore she was very, very proud of him.

Then news came that the regiment in which her son was serving, had made an advance upon the enemy's lines; that some severe skirmishing had taken place, and that an engagement was imminent. A sudden fear shook the nerves of Mrs. Irwin. Even as she read of the advance, a bloody battle might be going on, and her son be among the dead or dying. The hours of sleepless suspense that went by until the news of a victory was flashed over the country, we will not venture to describe. Many were killed and many wounded. With breathless eagerness she devoured their names, as with white lips and starting eyes, she bent over the brief despatches. What is this? Her son's name! The paper shivers in her hands. She cannot read the paragraph. Desperately she thrusts the sheet down upon a table to hold it firmly; but a mist comes over her eyes; she does not make out the words. Killed or wounded.

"Oh, God! Give me strength!"

The dimness passes, and she reads—

"Among the brave men who distinguished themselves, private John Irwin deserves honorable mention. In a desperate assault of the rebels, the captain of his company received a severe wound, and fell upon the ground. He was a few paces in advance of his men, and as he fell, two of the enemy sprang forward to bayonet him. Irwin, seeing this, flung himself before his prostrate captain, shot one of the men, and in a hand-to-hand encounter disabled the other. He then bore the wounded officer from the field. During the whole fight, this young man, who is not twenty-one years of age, conducted himself with the coolest courage, and in more than one instance rallied his falling comrades. He has the stuff of which officers are made, and the Department should send him a commission."

Mrs. Irwin bowed down, with her face upon the table, trembling in every nerve; weak—in glad bewilderment—tearful. Then dropping upon her knees, with clasped hands and eyes uplifted, she said, faintly—

"O, Lord, is he not Thine."

A deep peace fell upon her spirit, and she remained for some time kneeling. But prayer formed itself in no other words.

"I could not stay away from you after reading the news this morning." A friend said this as she came in, a little while afterwards. "Are you not a proud woman to-day, Mrs. Irwin?"

"I feel glad and humble," was the subdued answer.

"But did he not act nobly? Who would have thought that in your quiet, retiring boy, there was such a daring spirit?"

"It does not seem as if it were my son who has been so brave," said the mother. "The act has apparently removed him to a distance, and set itself up as a question of right against me. He is not mine, in the sense I have hitherto regarded him. Higher duties than those of a son are laid upon him; and I must give him to his country in a degree not understood when he went forth at his country's call. I pray, now, that God will make him equal to his duty under all circumstances. To lose him would be a fearful thing; but, to find him a weak coward in the day of battle, would be more fearful still."

"To hear such words from *your* lips! From whence has come this new spirit?—this new courage?"

"As our day is, so shall our strength be," replied Mrs. Irwin. "God gives the spirit of endurance and self-sacrifice when we have need of it; and this is our time of need. I do not flatter myself with the hope that my heart and home will be spared—that my boy will pass unscathed in the ordeal of battle. But, come what will, I trust in God; and He will lay no sorrow upon my heart too heavy to bear. If I had ten sons, feeling as I now do, I would give them all for this contest, and send them forth, in God's name."

And to thousands of mothers' hearts, strength and a spirit of self-sacrifice have come in this time of trial, as it came to the heart of Mrs. Irwin; and like her, their souls are in the cause, and their brave hearts giving courage and endurance to tens of thousands of brave sons now battling for right and their country. It is the old spirit of the Revolution, and by virtue of its sacred fires our armies prevail.



## Another's Burden.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

"Suppose a change o' cases."

This advice will apply to frailties of more kinds than the one intended in the above line, to all the short comings and failures in duty, of others.

How do we know what may have prevented their coming up to the line of duty—the line of duty as we view it, which, many times, did we know all, we would see is not the true one. How prone we are to sit in judgment upon others, upon imperfect evidence, making our prejudices and prepossessions, our short-sighted and one-sided views umpires in their affairs.

We should always think there may be something we can't see—can't understand.

Mrs. Lacy has a sewing girl whom she employs in her family. She has served her well—I have often heard her speak of her in terms of praise. Latterly, she speaks disparagingly of her—says Lucy—she don't know what is the matter, but she is not what she used to be—*is getting careless about her work.*

She presumes she thinks her reputation is established—that she has *got her name up*, and it don't matter so much now, taking pains. It is not only that she fails to do her work as well as heretofore, but she does not accomplish as much in a day—and still expects the same wages as before.

"Well, there are few work-people who are trustworthy," she says. "The best of them will take advantage if they get a little prosperous."

I knew Lucy—knew her better than Mrs. Lacy, for I had seen her in different circumstances in life, and knew that an idea of duty was the ruling principle with her. I felt that she was incapable of being puffed up by success in her vocation, so as to neglect what she owed to those who employed her. We should judge people not by unfavorable circumstances, but by our previous knowledge of their character, many times.

Mrs. Lacy complained that Lucy not only did less work, and in a less excellent manner than formerly, but that she seemed heedless—mislaid her things—forgot her directions with regard to the manner she wanted her work done, &c.—losing much time in this way.

Lucy had a mother disabled with paralysis of her limbs. An uncle had eked out the support that Lucy was able to afford her by her earnings, reserving only a slender pittance for herself. Lately this uncle had died, and the stipend that he had afforded, died with him.

Mrs. Ashley—Lucy's mother—was more feeble, more querulous, more troublesome, than ever, after the failure of this yearly money that she had been accustomed to have, and the comforts it brought.

This fretful state of mind weakened her still more, made the comforts and medicines to which she had been used, still more necessary to her.

Lucy's mother lived in the country, a few miles from the village where Lucy worked. People in the village knew that she was disabled from work—was supported by Lucy, in part; but those for whom she worked did not concern themselves particularly about it. "Such people—those who have very little visible means of subsistence—generally manage to live somehow."

Something was bandied about concerning Mrs. Ashley's losing a relative who had been in the habit of bestowing kindness upon her, but people didn't inquire much into the matter, to see if she had an adequate support left. No one thought of connecting her altered circumstances with Lucy's abstraction—her failure to perform as much work as formerly. They could not see the load upon her heart, the unshed tears that made her eyes heavy, the fear for the future that palsied her hand.

Could they have seen these, they would have been compassionate towards her, forbearing with her for her mistakes, the uncompleted tasks that weariness prevented her accomplishing.

But Lucy was proud, and would not ask leniency—would not speak of the perplexity of her circumstances, lest she should seem to be asking alms. Accident revealed them.

Only a few days before Mrs. Lacy complained of Lucy, she had a box of china brought in—old china that had been her mother's, but which had fallen to her share in the division of her mother's things, after her death. On opening it every piece was broken.

Mrs. Lacy lamented much over the ruins. It had been her mother's—she had valued it so much on that account—she had thought what store she should set by it, how she would eat off it, and drink from the cups, as she had done in childhood. It would seem to bring the old times back again. She shed many tears over the wreck of her broken china. She declared herself unable to do anything. She was not herself for several days, she said, and scarcely knew what she was doing. If she lost her mental balance, because the china was broken which she had cherished for her

mother's sake, how much more must the mind of this poor girl be disturbed, whose mother was broken in body and spirit—past recovery. If her light affliction of a moment so weighed upon her, what must be the pressure of the other's burden.

## Stray Thoughts.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

A friend! what a rare blessing is a friend!

If you have one, love him and cherish him. His price is above rubies. Where in the wide world, shall we find a friend? From what remote corner of the earth, drawn by the irresistible magnetism of attraction, shall he come? What winds shall bear him on his journey? What shores give him a welcome?

But when he does come, let him be treated as a prince. A King come to claim his waiting kingdom. We will be a loyal subject. His interest shall be our interest—there shall be nothing separate in his life and ours.

A friend! One who stands firm, and true, and unshaken by time, circumstance, or the vile weapons of slander! Ours, and ours only! Like a sturdy rock in the very centre of a stream—swayed neither hither nor thither. Bearing, may be, the scars of strife on its iron sides, but holding fast to its place—sure and steadfast as eternity itself!

Our friend must be *ours* only. We feel constantly a desire to appropriate him to ourself. He may love others, but we must hold the first place in his heart of hearts! Is it selfish? Granted. Then we are selfish. We do not want him to care quite as much for any other one as for us! We would like to hold him a little closer than any other may.

We would like the right to go to him, always, in trial—with our troubles and afflictions—our joys and our sorrows, and be sure of his sympathy. In return, what would we give him?

Not a sentiment, not a feeling, not a mere motive—but a principle of friendship, strong and unvarying and lasting, as the pulse of life in our own heart! We would be true to him as refined steel. In his day of adversity, we should be proud to stand beside him, in the face of the whole world—forgiving every error and every sin—content with him as he is; ready to uphold him against every law and every power. Raised up to the highest, most holy shrine in our bosom, by the sacred fact—*he is our friend!*

We would not throw him away for a light cause. As the mother-love pardons the trans-

gressions of her child, so would we, seventy times seven, cast into oblivion the failing of our friend.

We love to be with him. There is something lacking without him.

The round world is not a perfect sphere without his presence. We should be discontented in this life if he was not of it, also.

The earth holds nothing so dear and fair as to give us perfect pleasure—missing him. When we see beautiful things, our first desire is that he may see them, too. When we read quaint old truths that stir the blood like crimson wine, we want him to know their delights! We are never satisfied with the purple sunset skies, unless his eyes, also, are blessed with their glory!

Oh, friendship! forever sanctified be thy name! Sweetest and purest of all earthly passions! A chain reaching across the chaos of doubt and fear; its pins of pearl, and its strings of gold, bridging the dark chasm—reaching across to the white shores of the Beautiful Beyond.

Faith! it is a sweet, solemn word.

A right royal treasure to hold for our own! To take it into our hearts, and keep it there forever, secure and trusted.

How much we lack it! oh so much more than we think! We doubt and fear when there should be no doubt. The evils we conjure up are ten times more terrible than the most terrible reality! We have all imagined things far more dreadful than we have ever seen. We have all feared deeper and darker trials than have ever fallen to our lot.

We say that we believe in God. That is theory. Where is our practice? Alas! it is only a name. Every day proves it. We are tried. We are in poverty. We eat our bread by the labor of our hands. We remember these things, and we doubt. We yield to despondency. We say that life is hard and cruel.

We cast envious eyes on the rich. We say why is it so? What have I done that I should not be prospered like this other man?

The greatest and surest triumph of wisdom is to admit that there are some things beyond our comprehension. That our finite minds can never perceive the secrets of infinity. That we must accept some things on trust—asking no questions—accept them because they are so.

If we wonder, and doubt, and cavil, where is our faith that "all things shall work together for the good of those who love the Lord?"

Oh, how beautiful, how excellent it is to cling to God's love through all trial! never to

doubt Him. To go, undaunted, through fire and hail, flame and flood, by His will—having faith like a rock, that He will bring us through safely—that we shall be saved, cared for, and at the last—RECOMPENSED.

## Lillian.

BY EMMA FAIRBORN.

Patter, patter, patter,  
Come the little feet,  
Prattle, prattle, prattle,  
Hear the voice so sweet!  
Eyes of clearest azure,  
Brow as fair as pearl,  
A winsome little mischief  
Is this baby girl.  
Red lips warm and pouting,  
Coaxing for a kiss;  
Ah! the spirit-greetings,  
Through those gates of bliss!  
Better than a goblet  
Of the richest wine  
Earth has ever yielded,  
Are those lips of thine.

Thou'rt a wondrous baby,  
Learning every day  
In thy grace and beauty  
Cunning words and ways.  
Starry eyes are glistening;  
Thoughtful is thy brow;  
What new scheme of mischief  
Art thou planning now?  
Golden brown thy tresses,  
Backward rippling;  
Thou'rt an angel, Lillie,  
Only wanting wings.  
May thy sister spirits  
Guide thee heavenward;  
Keep thee pure and stainless,  
Waiting for the Lord.

Earth has so much sorrow,  
Heaven is full of bliss;  
What must 'wait our darling  
In a world like this?  
Thinking on thy future—  
Heart so full of pain,  
I could almost yield thee  
Back to dust again.

Why should sorrow ever  
Cloud those starry eyes?  
Oh, our Heavenly Father,  
Watching from the skies,  
Guide her earth-bound footsteps  
Till life's chords are riven,  
Then with Thee and angels  
Let her dwell in heaven.

PLEASANT PLAINS.

## Hymn on the Battle Field.

BY ANNA M. SPAULDING.

[A Christian officer, who fell mortally wounded in the battle of Shiloh, (or Pittsburg Landing) related of himself and fellow-martyrs to the Union cause this thrilling incident, while being removed from the field, just before his death. The hymn sang by the wounded and dying, was that old, familiar one—

"When I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies."]

When Shiloh's awful strife was fiercest raging,  
Our heroes fast at posts of peril fell,  
While onward swept the dauntless braves, engag-  
ing  
Hosts hurled against the flag they loved so well.

Battalion on battalion forward rushing,  
Met masses firm as they in deadly strife,  
Till hurrying feet, friend, foe, alike were crushing,  
And the red field drank deep the rills of life.

The agony of thirst came to the dying—  
Its frenzy burned in every suffering frame;  
Yet none relieved, nor voice was heard replying  
To calls of some dear love's remembered name.

Rain fell—wept from the pitying, far-off heaven,  
Like human tears upon the scene of blood,  
Yet none might drink; Oh! God must have for-  
given

If any doubted then that He was good!

At last the night-shades fell, and stars in beauty  
Like angel-eyes beamed down on death-struck  
men;

"God's soldiers" they, martyred in paths of duty,  
"God's soldiers" still, though work was over  
them.

A Christian hero there, whose wounds were mortal,  
Gazing towards heaven with looks of faith and  
love,  
Had glimpses through the high and pearly portal  
Of palms of victory waving bright above.

New strength of soul unto his voice gave volume,  
And sweet and clear rose his triumphant hymn,  
Thrilling the spirits of the death-claimed column—  
Brightening again the eyes grown glazed and dim.

Another voice glided into the singing—  
Another and another caught the strain,  
Until the notes of that strange choir were ringing  
All over Shiloh's gory battle plain.

It was a simple hymn whose words are written  
In every memory, on every heart,  
But known by none, as by our braves, death-  
smitten,

When they and human love lay wide apart.

Thank God! theirs was indeed a death of glory—  
I would that all our slain like them could die—  
No need of grief that their last bed was gory,  
Since they arose to "mansions in the sky."

## LAY SERMONS.

### Light Through Cloud-rifts.

Henry Jones had been, as we say, "unfortunate in business." Through mismanagement, or, from causes beyond his control, disaster had overtaken him. Comfortably well off yesterday, to-day he sat down, desponding and miserable, amid the ruins of his worldly hopes.

Mr. Jones was one of that large class of persons who undertake the impossible task of serving God and mammon. He was concerned about the things of eternal life, but much more concerned about the things of natural life. First, he meant to secure worldly wealth; then he would set himself to work more earnestly in the acquirement of eternal riches.

It never comes out with men according to their purposes. Baffling winds drive them from the course laid down in their charts of life—or storms wreck them upon unknown, and inhospitable shores. The fair haven, towards which they looked so hopefully, is never reached. It did not come out with Mr. Henry Jones according to his purposes; and, because he had been religious above many other men, that is, attended church on Sundays, and put on devout appearances, he was grieved with God, and murmured against Him in his heart, as one who felt that he had not been justly dealt by.

One of the things that hurt Mr. Jones particularly in his altered circumstances, was the indifference and selfishness of the men with whom, for years, he had enjoyed a pleasant business relationship. As suddenly as the face of fortune changed, so suddenly did they change. Once, they had seemed anxious to serve him; now, they turned from him coldly, or pursued him, as creditors, with hound-like eagerness. He had looked for consideration in his misfortune—but had found none.

"There is no heart in the world!" he said, one day, to an acquaintance, with bitter emphasis. "No pity—no spirit of helpfulness towards the weak, the poor, or the unfortunate. Every man is wrapped up in himself—thinks only of himself—cares only for himself. While in prosperity, we see this only by partial and occasional glimpses; but when misfortune comes, it glares at us from all sides."

The business of Mr. Jones had not passed entirely out of his hands. In the adjustment of his affairs, a small remnant had been left; and he was secured in its possession by certain legal guar-

which those who would have broken him

on the wheel so that they secured the last farthing of his indebtedness, could not set aside. His case, therefore, was not by any means as bad as it might have been. There was a small stock of goods in his store; and a line of custom that might be depended upon. His family, though obliged to step down from a comparatively high social place, were yet secure from want—were yet many degrees better off than thousands of their neighbors.

While Mr. Jones was denouncing the world for its heartless indifference, as we have seen, a man entered his store, and coming up to him, said, in a troubled voice—

"Can I speak a word with you, Mr. Jones?"

The friend with whom he was talking bade a good morning, and was moving away; but Mr. Jones said—

"Don't go yet, Mr. Cleveland. I shall be at leisure in a moment."

Then, with a falling brow, and an abrupt manner, he turned to his visitor. Their interview was brief. Mr. Jones scarcely heard his communication to the end.

"I've more than I can do to look after my own affairs," he replied, in an unfeeling voice. "You must help yourself as others do."

The man did not linger, nor plead for consideration; but turned from Mr. Jones with a hurt, disappointed air, and walked slowly away.

"Who is that man?" asked Mr. Cleveland. "Haven't I seen him before?"

"Probably. You remember the firm of Liston & Grant? It flourished about twelve years ago. Went up like a rocket, and down like the stick. That was Liston."

"Oh! Now I remember him. Poor fellow! He was never able to recover after his fall."

"No. Grant was a rascal, and involved everything; yet managed to get off with enough to live on comfortably for the rest of his life. Liston was honest, and abandoned all to the creditors, so far as he was concerned. He's never been fairly on his feet since. Can't get along."

"What did he want?"

"Oh, I hardly know!" Mr. Jones spoke a little impatiently. "Help—but I've rather more than I can do to help myself."

"Where is he to be found?"

"In Prune street, I think."

"What is he doing?"

"I'm really not able to say." Mr. Jones was utterly indifferent; as cold and heartless towards this man who stood below him, as were those of

whom he complained who stood above him. Absorbed in his own loss and trouble—selfishly absorbed—he had no pity, no good purpose for another.

Mr. Cleveland was not only a kind-hearted man, but one who acted from principles. He had called that morning on Mr. Jones from the promptings of good will. He knew that he was in misfortune, and that many would stand aloof from him on this account. And so he came to give him any strength, encouragement, or help that might be in his power. They were members of the same church, and the regular attendance and pious demeanor of Mr. Jones had always impressed Mr. Cleveland in his favor. He looked upon him as one who was governed by high, religious motives. But, he was mistaken and disappointed. In the day of adversity, he found him not only a selfish complainer, but so absorbed in his own misfortunes, that he would not even treat with kindness a more unfortunate brother who humbly asked a helping hand.

"Pardon me for a plain word," said Mr. Cleveland, as he made a movement to go.

"Say on," answered Mr. Jones.

"I think you called on Bolton a few days ago."

"Yes. That is so," Mr. Jones knit his brow.

"He did not receive you courteously."

"He acted like a brute! Instead of listening to what I had to say, he cut me off short, as soon as he saw that I had come to ask some service at his hands, and almost hustled me from his presence."

"As you did poor Liston just now," Mr. Cleveland ventured to say.

Jones started and crimsoned. But for a conviction that flashed over his mind, he would have been angry.

"The cases are very different," he remarked.

"To me they are alike in most respects," said Mr. Cleveland. "The difference is only in degree. You needed help, and asked of one stronger than you were to give you his hand, so that you might get over a difficult and dangerous place. Liston needed help, and asked of one stronger than himself to give him a hand. In both cases, there was a cold, rough repulse; a manifestation of indifference—a heartless denial, if you will. To call things by their right names is best, sometimes. It gives a truer impression of their quality."

"But I'm in no condition to help any one," returned Mr. Jones, in self-defence. "I'm all broken to pieces. Haven't anything I can really call my own."

"Kindness costs nothing. Denial is hard enough to the suffering and solicitous; but when given with no sign of sympathy, or with positive rudeness, it takes a form of cruelty. You know this. You have felt it as applied to yourself; and yet, with a strange unconsciousness, you act the very part you so justly condemn."

"Misfortune makes us selfish, I'm afraid. We

get wrapped up in our own troubles. We turn to all sides for help and safety. We forget or ignore everything that does not, in some way, minister to ourselves."

"Not always so, Mr. Jones. The truer position to take is, that misfortune tries our virtue, and proves the worth of our professions. No external position has power to change the essential quality of our lives. Neither fortune nor misfortune makes a man better or worse. There is only a change in outer things, by which he may come into greater freedom to show forth what he is. That is all. The man is the same. He changes only with a change of the hidden purposes of his heart. One of the highest uses of misfortune, is its tendency to unveil men to themselves, and show them what they are. Prosperity causes a man to think well of himself. It covers up, with its abundance of external things, and hides the real condition of his soul. It is hard for the rich and prosperous to know themselves as they really are. But, there is a trial and manifest proof of character, in the stormy days of adversity. You are passing through this trial—you are having this proof; and the lesson of God's providence is for you and not for another. But, I have said too much already—have gone beyond the privilege of a friend. Pardon me, if I have seemed to presume. My speech has been rather impelled than voluntary. I have spoken from an influx of thought so clear and strong that utterance was almost forced."

"It was wrong. I see it. I was off my guard," said Mr. Jones. Then added, "O no! You have not offended me. Better the wounds of a friend than the kisses of an enemy."

"And you will still bear with me?"

"Yes. Say on."

"Of your guard? What does that mean? What have you guarded—or hidden away from common observation in your heart? Good will—brotherly kindness—love of the neighbor—all the Christian graces that, dwelling in the soul, make it a heaven? Or, self-love, that thinks evil of others, and will give nothing for the good of another? What did you guard? When off your guard, what broke forth from your heart?"

Mr. Cleveland paused. The eyes of Mr. Jones fell away from his direct gaze, and drooped slowly to the ground. There was a look of blank surprise, not unmingled with shame, in his face.

"We never set a guard over good-will, or brotherly kindness," added Mr. Cleveland. "We are not in fear lest they come out and defile the man. Ah, my friend! If we have not love in our hearts, of what value are all our church goings, and saintly Sunday practices? We are unclean before God and his angels! Unclean—unworthy—unfit for heaven."

"You lay down a hard law," said Mr. Jones, trying to rally himself. "If I have read the Bible correctly, faith in God saves a man. Works



are but filthy rags. The deeds of the law condemn; for they involve self-righteousness. We are saved through the merits of Christ alone—not for any good in ourselves; but of divine mercy and compassion.”

“If I have read correctly the Words of Him who spake as never man spake,” answered Mr. Cleveland, “there is a divine law to be kept. In our own strength, I do not believe we can keep this law; but failure on this account will not excuse us, for we are promised divine strength for the subjugation and removal of evil, if we will ask for and accept it. It is the law of love, which, being the very essence of obedience, involves all the commandments. ‘These things I command you, that ye love one another.’ Again, ‘This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have

loved you.’ And again, ‘As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.’ These are the Lord’s own words, and He enjoins His followers to ‘abide in His words;’ and says, moreover, that, ‘If any man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch and is withered.’ But, I am intruding too far, Mr. Jones, and taking up too much of both your time and my own. Good morning!”

And he went away, leaving behind him a Christian formalist, half awakened to a sense of spiritual danger, and half frightened at the position in which he saw himself standing. He was one of those, to whom the light of truth can only come through cloud-rifts, in misfortune; and so, in mercy, misfortune was permitted, in order that he might see a better way.

T. S. A.

## MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

### Our Children.

#### NO. 1.—“MY SON.”

BY M. D. R. B.

What a glad hour is that to the young mother, when her firstborn is placed on her yearning bosom! What tender thoughts and sweet anxieties are crowded into that blissful moment! If her child be a girl, she hopes it will grow up to be her companion and friend; that she shall be one who will share all her feelings, and lessen her cares.

But about a son the mother has other aspirations. He will be her pride, her hope. With what joy will she watch his dawning intellect; how she will rejoice in the putting forth of his budding mental powers, the quick flashing of his young and ardent imagination. Perhaps he will be a scholar, a man of letters; and she fancies that tiny hand, writing glowing words that stir the heart and exert an influence “mightier than the sword.” Or she thinks of the time when his lisping tongue shall be unloosed to utter true and noble thoughts; and he standing up for God, and his country, and the right.

Then tenderly she looks forward to that period which *may* come, when she shall have no earthly arm to lean upon but his; when he will be the stay, the comfort of her declining age. How the hot tears rush to her eyes as she takes the little feeble hand in hers, and prays that the God of his father may be the God of her beloved son. In those moments the voice of ambition is stilled; and she feels that she will willingly give up riches, and honors, and worldly distinctions for her boy, if only he may have that true wisdom which cometh from above, and be a just and upright man.

But often all these hopes are blasted in the bud. Death may take away our precious darlings, and our homes be made desolate. Or disease may come and blight both mind and body. How sad to see the physical powers increase in strength, while the mind is always the mind of a little child. The gibbering, senseless idiot, the fearfully insane, or the inanimate imbecile, has been the end of many a fond mother’s hopes.

In such a case, what can she do but go to God with her burdens? What patient love, what untiring devotion, what skilful tact must be hers, to manage the afflicted one aright! She must not weary of her task, nor fail in her motherly offices, because hate and unkind words so often repay tenderness and care. And when hope, oft excited, fails, and there seems to be no silver lining to the dark cloud, she should remember that it is the Lord who hath stricken her beloved one; and say in meek humility, “Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight.”

But, granted that he be endowed with his full share of physical and mental health, there are other causes that may separate the mother from her boy. He must go out into the world. Trade, or the pursuit of literary honors, calls him away from the familiar home circle. Perhaps he is the first to leave its sacred hearthstone; the first to be sent forth from the sheltering ark, to battle with the cold, unfeeling world. Be his prospects ever so favorable, his future seem ever so bright, a mother must feel deeply and anxiously, that she is henceforth to live a divided life, from the object for whom she has toiled, and prayed, and wept. Henceforth the absent one is ever present to her thoughts; and in the hour of temptation, “When sinners entice,” it may be that the influence of her

strong mother-love, will be as a hand stretched forth to pluck him from danger.

Then this fearful war—how many homes has it not made desolate! Where is the household that has not parted with a beloved son? More bitter than death to the hearts of the bereaved ones, is this saddest going forth of all. Noble is it to battle for one's country; heart-stirring to stand forth in the defence of, even to die for, the dear old flag, with its glorious stars and stripes; and all honor to the brave ones, who have "done and dared" for the land of their love, the home of freedom, and the inheritance which their fathers purchased with their blood. But to those who are left behind, what sorrowful forebodings, what tumultuous fears!

When she has finished her last loving cares for her boy; when the knapsack is all packed, and she places with trembling hands her mother's gift—the Bible—where he will be sure to find it, her heart is busy with its promises, for they only can sustain her. And in all those weary months, when suspense becomes torture, and the news of a battle is like the messenger of death knocking at her door, what solace is there for the bereaved mother, if her heart be not stayed upon God?

And there may come a time to her—as it has to thousands of mothers in our stricken land—when the swift-winged telegraph shall write the fatal word, "Dead!" Or that manly, graceful form, which she has so often gloried in, may be crushed, maimed, and mutilated. Or the wasting fever, the wild delirium coursing through every vein,

and dooming their victim to an early grave, even in the very act of "coming home." Oh, these dread hospital scenes, these sad journeyings back again with all that is left of the beloved one, these open graves, these heart-readings, and bitter partings, how they press out the tender mother's life!

Will she then regret that she has done too much for her darling, while he was yet with her? Will she think she has suffered too much, or toiled too hardly for his comfort and pleasure? Has she tried to make home a happy place for him to remember; caused the name of "mother" to be like a solemn watchword to his soul, guarding him from sin and temptation? Will this be the last dear word upon his lips, whether he fall in the battle-field, or, having meted out his fourscore years and ten, fancies himself a little child again, and whispers the beloved name?

Mothers, be faithful to your holy mission. While you can yet say "my son," let your example, your precept, your temper, your conduct, be such as he can follow and not err therein. Enter into the spirit of his boyish amusements; frown not coldly, and call him noisy or troublesome, when his heart is full of life and gladness; bear with his waywardness; reprove with discretion and love; and in his manhood you will be his friend and companion; in age the one whom his mind will associate with fond recollections of HOME, with future hopes of HEAVEN.

PARKESBURG, Chester Co., Pa.

## BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

### Childhood of Martin Luther.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

In the little town of Eisleben, among the fair green fields of Saxony, which, you know, lies in the heart of Germany, and through which the Elbe river pours its bright, dark waters, did Martin Luther first open his eyes to the light of this world.

There was joy and gladness in the hearts of the father and mother, that a goodly child had been born to their humble house; but there were no pageants nor festivals, no sounding of trumpets nor ringing of bells, in the lowly home where three hundred and eighty years ago the son of the peasant of Thuringia first saw the sunlight.

And yet this babe, born in that lowly sphere of life, with no heritage but poverty, and no future but toil, was to utter words which should thrill through the world; and the crowned king on his throne should shake for fear as he heard them;

and the tiara on the brow of the pope, anointed of men, should grow dim; and prince, and prelate, and warrior, and all the "powers of the prince of darkness" were to be dismayed and overthrown, for a mighty revolution was to be wrought of God in the earth, and this babe of Saxony was to stand as His witness and bear His testimony before the haughtiest and mightiest rulers of the world.

And so, it was well that Martin Luther's childhood should be what it was—that he should have early lessons of hard, stern struggling with the world; that want and labor should stand together by that cradle, where his young mother sang her lullabies over the child who was to cause mighty thrones to rock to their foundations.

His father and mother were honest, true-hearted, God-fearing people, but I am sorry to say that they were more or less held in bondage by the superstitions and traditions of their age and generation, and that the infancy of Martin Luther was at times overshadowed by harsh and cruel disci-

pline on their part. They loved their boy, and probably thought that this extreme severity was just the training that he required, and that he would grow up through it a wiser and better man.

But those must have been happy hours for the little child, which he sported away on the pleasant plains of Mansfeld, where his father had gone to procure work in the mines, and on the banks of the Vipper, or assisted his mother when she went into the wood to gather fagots, in that early part of his life, when poverty hung its dark and heavy cloud around their dwelling.

But at last, honesty, industry, and perseverance brought their reward. John Luther literally fought his way to establishing a "couple of small furnaces for iron" in Mansfeld, and "by the side of these little forges Martin grew up."

I wonder what thoughts filled the soul of this child, as he stood by the furnaces and watched the great swarm of sparks, like so many wild, red bees, flash up and fill the air for a moment with their fiery beauty. I wonder if it was not there that the thought first entered and took possession of his soul, that he would become a "schoolmaster, or man of learning," which was a somewhat more difficult thing than it is now, when there are free schools sown thick throughout the land—the land about which at that very time Columbus was probably dreaming, or perhaps the little flotilla even then was setting sail from the shores of the old world to find these new ones, sleeping far across the ocean, in their silence and beauty.

Martin Luther's father—to his honor be it said—had a profound respect for learning; he sympathized keenly with his son's aspirations for knowledge, and as the toil at the forge had greatly brightened the pecuniary prospects of the miner of Mansfeld, he resolved to send his son to school.

One would fancy he had had floggings enough at home, especially for such a thoughtful, generous, right-minded boy as he was, but this cruel schoolmaster whipped him fifteen times in one day!

It is of small use to be angry with a man who has been dead nearly four hundred years, but I cannot record this fact of the old schoolmaster, without feeling my very soul rise up in honest wrath against him. At last, however, he was released from the rod of his early teacher, and his devotion to his books inspired the boy's father with a hope that his young son would yet make his mark in the world, so he managed to send him to the school at Magdeburg, which was taught by the Franciscans, when Martin had reached his fourteenth birthday.

He certainly had a hard time here. His parents could not afford to supply him with the comforts of life, and he, with some other children as poor as himself, were in the habit of begging their bread; and one day about Christmas time the little company of German children went about from door to door singing their sweet carols, and when

the kind-hearted peasant came out with food for them, the little flock of children scattered in terror, for the threats and tyranny of their teachers had almost crushed their young spirits.

Just think of it, oh, tenderly nurtured, and dearly beloved little children. This boy, who was one day to become the great Reformer of his age, whose name was to grow fairer and brighter as the slow centuries rolled past it, begging his bread—singing in the dear Christmas time for a crust from door to door! After a year had elapsed, his parents finding that their son could no longer endure these pressing necessities, sent him to Eisenach, where they had relations; for other children had been added to the family, and John Luther's utmost labors barely afforded him the means to maintain them.

But the boy's relations seem to have given themselves no trouble about him. It is possible they were in the same worldly condition as his father. And so, here again, times went hard and bitter with Martin Luther, and he sang through the streets of Eisenach, if haply some pitiful soul might give him a morrel to appease his hunger; but often, instead of these, he only received harsh rebuffs, which cut him to the soul, and sent him away in tears.

But one day, when he stood mournful and despairing before the house of an honest burgher, having been repulsed from three others, and in his need and hunger taking counsel with himself, whether it would not be better to give up all his precious hopes and aims, and go back and toil with his father in the mines of Mansfeld—the door suddenly opened, and a woman, led of one of the angels, stood there.

Her name was Ursula, the wife of Conrad Cotta, and she was the daughter of the burgomaster—all honor to the woman. A true woman she was, of a heart noble, generous, and tender. She had watched the sad face of the young scholar, she had heard the harsh words with which he had been repulsed, and touched with pity, she went to the door, beckoned the boy in, and ministered to his needs—we can fancy with what gentle hands—what kindly words!

But her charity did not end here. The husband of Ursula, probably influenced by his good and noble wife, took a wonderful fancy to the lonely, homeless boy, and in a few days invited him to take up his abode with them. And so, at last, a new life opened itself to Martin Luther. The long struggle with penury and suffering was, at least, in some sense over. In the warmth and comfort of this new, pleasant home, with kindly friends about him, with want and care no longer worrying his life, the heart and soul of Martin Luther, hitherto chafed and cramped, expanded themselves in air and light. His whole nature turned itself to the sunshine—all his young faculties stirred themselves—new cheerfulness, new aspirations, new faith in God took possession of his soul. He

made new progress in his studies, and as his character developed into youth, it attracted more and more the attention and love of those with whom he was thrown.

And here, under the pleasant home-roof of Conrad Cotta, ended the childhood of Martin Luther. It is one of which a volume might well be written, and this little sketch can only touch some of its leading features.

We cannot follow the young monk into his lonely cell at Erfurth, nor watch those terrible struggles with which he slowly came out from the darkness and superstition of his age into the light and

truth; we cannot go with him down the years, through that long, heroic wrestling with evil, and tyranny, and power in high places, until all this culminated at last in that sublime moment of the life of Martin Luther, when he stood at the *Diet of Worms* before Charles the Fifth, and the haughty princes of Germany, and vindicated his faith, "counting not his life dear unto him."

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## HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

### System in Expenditure.

BY MRS. H. M'CONAUGHTY.

"How is it, Wilson, that my store bill is so much larger than yours every month, while our families number about the same? It takes nearly all the wages, so there is scarcely anything over for me when pay-day comes. In fact, sometimes we overrun the amount."

So said a glassblower to his neighbor, as they walked away from the factory store with their pass-books and the balance of the pay due them for the month's work. One had a handsome surplus in his pocket, which he was carefully laying aside towards a new house, and the other had barely enough to pay a few outstanding debts. They both made high wages, but one was always "fore-handed" and at his ease, while the other was continually pressed and distressed for money.

"I think you will have to ask my wife how she manages. She has charge of the pass-book and gets what she pleases. We go to work so early and get out so late, you know, I have little time to attend to the providing, only to provide the means for getting what we need."

"Well, I shall send Annie over to find out Kate's secret, for she is as anxious to get a home of her own as you are."

So the next afternoon Annie Martin picked up her baby and ran over to her friend's, for the express purpose of taking a lesson in economy that should help them on towards the desired new house. She was good-natured and willing to bear her part, but a poor manager, with no conception where the trouble lay.

In answer to half a dozen eager questions, Kate went on candidly to explain her own system of housekeeping, which may be of use to other wives and mothers.

"I know about what Wilson's wages are a month, and so I estimate the amount we can

afford to spend. It does not require it all, I find, to support the family, so we conclude to set a part aside every month. Then I portion out what we shall probably require from the store before pay-day, putting down the heaviest expenses first, and if there is any retrenchment to be made let it come out of those of least importance to us. Of course I leave a good margin always for unlooked-for expenses, but never allow my calculations to exceed what I have decided on. There are always some things that can be deferred a month with no great inconvenience to us. I watch my pass-book through the month, usually glancing it over on Saturday to see that it does not get ahead of me; and though it only takes me fifteen minutes a week, it saves me hours of perplexity and anxiety."

"Dear me, Kate, it must be a world of trouble, though it sounds so easy to hear you tell it," said candid Annie. "Now I just keep buying and buying all through the month—only what I think we want, of course—but I do not have a minute's peace for fear we are running in debt, and that worries my husband so. When I want a new dress, I never can tell whether we can afford it or not, and never take any comfort in my purchase. I often tell Frank I wish we were only rich, so we could enjoy what we have and feel it was our own."

"Many rich people have the same uneasiness, Annie, from just the same cause. If you viewed the scale of your expenditures, to have it to match a salary of ten thousand a year, and kept the same habit, you would find yourself as anxious and troubled as ever. It is only by a judicious systematising of our expenses that we can get the greatest comfort out of our income, be it great or small."

"But how do you manage to live on so small a sum, Kate? Frank compared your bill with ours last month, and you had bought a great deal less for table purposes than I had. Yet I could never



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Annie thought so too, and resolved from that afternoon to "turn over a new leaf." It was uphill work for awhile, but Kate was a good counsellor and helper, and before many months she had acquired an entirely new habit of management, and was delighted and encouraged by the satisfaction it gave her husband, who felt that they, too, might now look forward to a pleasant, comfortable home, and be able to follow the inspired command of "Owe no man anything."

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One reason why wives and mothers break down so early and grow prematurely old, is that they do not take proper amusement; they do not turn aside often enough from the dry, hard duties of life, and spend half a day or more in pleasant recreation. And this in many cases is by no means from necessity, though very many mothers will persuade themselves it is. More time is often wasted in "idle industry" than nature needs for healthful recreation. The mother who will spend days and weeks over elaborate embroidered skirts for her children, or in decorating a dark parlor which never sees the light except when a chance visitor drops in, might certainly improve her mind and heart and body to better advantage by a little excursion with her children, or a visit to some dear friend, or any relaxation that would give a glow to her cheek and spirits. How much brighter those women look, and how much more intelligent their conversation, who do occasionally indulge in their little excursions from home. Though there are idle, frivolous women, who carry to excess this practice, it is none the less the duty of the good mother to avoid the opposite extreme. She owes it to her children not to stay so constantly under the old roof-tree that her mind is narrowed down to its simple bounds, and she forgets there is a world beyond. She owes it to her family not to early break down her health by this close confinement to one spot, but should make a point of at least a semi-yearly excursion, in which she may for the time throw off care, and give herself up to the enjoyment of rest and intellectual pleasures. Many a poor mother might have been spared years longer

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# TOILETTE AND WORK TABLE.

## HOME AND STREET COSTUMES.

FIG. 1.—Full dress toilette, consisting of a dress of Chambray gauze, with double black stripes and a silk under-dress; the skirt is ornamented with a fret design, an insertion of black lace twenty inches deep and ten inches wide. The bodice is cut low, with a point before and behind, with a pointed ornamentation of black lace insertion both back and front. The sleeve is plain and composed of lace insertions, and on each shoulder is placed a bow of ribbon, white with black spots; and at the waist behind is a large bow with long ends made of white silk ribbon, with a double black stripe.

FIG. 2.—Plain street dress of brown silk, with gored skirt, and one row around the bottom of narrow box-plaiting. The corsage tight-fitting, with two points, and buttoned down the front. Tight coat-sleeve with white under-sleeve.

FIG. 3.—Full toilette for an evening party at home. White crape dress, with fine box-plaited flounces, and headings of amber silk bias pieces. Low bodice, with a fichu, opening heart-shape in front, formed by three bias pieces, placed at intervals on a plain part and terminated with a frill; the wide sleeve is confined on the arm by three bias pieces, which support the puff on the shoulder; the band is composed of a bias piece and frill turned upwards on the sleeve.

FIG. 4.—Dress and paletot to match of Havana-colored rep silk. The paletot is trimmed all around with swansdown; the same trimming forms pockets in front, epaulettes on the shoulders, and trims the lower part of the sleeves. Bonnet of white royal velvet; outside trimming a rose-colored marabout feather; inside trimmings small wild flowers and rose-colored strings with tulle streamers.

## LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

For morning wear, serge dresses, with petticoats to match, are very popular. These serges are usually self-colored, and have a twilled surface; and being twilled on both sides, are an advantage to economists, as they will turn. They are made of wool, consequently can be dyed in brilliant shades. In Humboldt violet and azuline blue they are very bright; the browns and grays form quieter but very useful morning dresses. As the skirts are now all looped up for out-door wear, the fashion has been introduced of making the dress and petticoat of the same material; and with serges this is more especially the case. The skirt is trimmed but rarely, a girdle-cord simply sewn round the edge forms the sole ornament; but the petticoat is ornamented with narrow quillings, ruffles, bands of cut velvet, Yak insertion, or

with any other ornament which fancy may dictate.

With such a toilet, colored stockings to match should be worn; the ribbed merino stockings are very popular this winter, they are produced in all colors, but mauve and scarlet appear to be the most approved shades. The plaid spun-silk hose continue to be worn by those who patronize plaid dresses; but care should be taken in the selection that the plaids match. Should the dress be covered with a large plaid, the stockings should be the same plaid, only in miniature. Those ladies who object to colored stockings (and there are many who do) manage to effect a sort of compromise; they wear white stockings with colored clocks, which have a very pretty effect.

The Polish boots, to which we have drawn the attention of our readers on more than one occasion, are gradually coming into favor in Paris; they are worn universally, both by young and old. They extend eight inches above the ordinary boot, and are laced to the top, as a Balmoral, being finished off with two silk tassels. In Paris they are fastened with buttons, which we think preferable, as the boots have a neater appearance, and require less time in putting on. The tassels in Paris are worn much larger and thicker than those sported here. The cord to which the tassels are attached is also thick, and is looped irregularly at each side, and these loops, with the addition of the tassels, form very effective ornaments. The heels are high, and slant inwards to the centre of the foot, tapering towards the bottom. Nothing can be better adapted for these Polish boots than Norman's patent heel, as it is light, and from its form renders more support to the foot than the ordinary military heel, which to the uninitiated has the effect of throwing the body forward. For boys who are sufficiently juvenile to wear knickerbockers these Polish boots are admirably adapted, and, indeed, are already popular in this country. Sometimes they are made of black leather and sometimes of Russian goffered leather.

We need scarcely repeat that plaids of all descriptions, and for all purposes, continue to be extremely popular; the plaid satin dresses, the self-colored silks, with plaid satin stripes upon them, plaid poplins, and plaid camlets, are all eagerly sought after, blue and green still remaining the favorite mixture.

Two new styles of mantles have lately been introduced in Paris, one is called the Louis XIV. mantle, and the other, which has not yet been christened, is a sort of paletôt, which is difficult to describe without an illustration. The front is straight, and somewhat resembles in form the paletôt which is worn by the sterner sex. At the back it is more like a casaque, being made with

three pieces, which fit to the waist, and then separate in three large plaits; this casaque is usually made in either black silk or black velvet. The Louis XIV. paletôt is made in cloth, with black velvet revers. It is cut square, and the scarlet, blue, or violet waistcoat is visible underneath.

The head-dresses for evening wear will be more than usually brilliant this season, as the velvet and plush flowers, which are so greatly in vogue, have a richer effect than those made of thinner materials; added to this so great an improvement has lately taken place in the foliage and grasses used to surround the flowers. Instead of being artificial, the natural foliage is now employed; this is preserved and dried in such a way that the

color is retained; grasses are treated in a similar manner; and should the color prove treacherous a little paint applied with a camel's-hair brush comes to the rescue. The fine delicate brown grasses are now all preserved, and prove charming additions to the velvet flowers, both in head-dresses and bonnets. For quiet evening wear, the bright-colored velvet bands, with a bow in the centre of the forehead, are much worn; they are made with elastic at the back, so that they can be arranged upon the head, in the place desired, without difficulty; small gilt flagreed butterflies, or dragonflies, are sometimes placed upon one loop of the velvet bow—but these additions are, of course, for more dressy occasions.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**SCIENCE FOR THE SCHOOL AND FAMILY. Part II. Chemistry.** By Professor Worthington Hooker. New York: Harper & Brothers. Phila: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

This is not a book of reference, but a popular work for students, beginning with the simplest chemical facts and following the subject out to higher results. It is accurately illustrated and will prove a fascinating work to all who are fond of chemical experiments.

**LETTERS TO THE JONERS.** By Timothy Titcomb. New York: Charles Scribner.

In his preface the author says:—"If the reader will so far favor the author as to suppose that, when a young man, he taught the district school in Jonesville, 'boarding around,' according to the primitive New England fashion; that he has kept himself acquainted with the lives and fortunes of his old friends and pupils there; that they have known something of him, and, through an officious representative of the family, have requested him to write these letters for the public eye, which he had no time to write for their private reading—I say, if the reader will suppose all this, he will supply all the necessary machinery of the book, and the writer will have his justification for the direct and homely talk in which he indulges towards the family."

Very plain, direct, and sensible is the talk. It is full of experience, and lifts the veil from many personal, social, and public wrongs. As a good and useful book, well up to the time, it is the best we have had from the press this season. It deserves, and will no doubt have, a very large sale.

**MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.** In twelve books. New York: Frank H. Dodd. Elegant miniature edition. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

It is a real pleasure to get an old favorite in so

tasteful a dress, and yet in so compact and substantial a form, as this new edition of *Paradise Lost*. It is the welcome harbinger of a series of classic authors which must meet universal favor. There is such a combination of good qualities in the mechanical execution of the book, that one can only praise the whole as exceeding in fitness any recent attempt to put the masters of English prose and verse in a compact, durable, and elegant form.

**WAS HE SUCCESSFUL? A Novel.** By Richard B. Kimball. Author of "Student Life," "Undercurrents," &c., &c. New York: Chilton. Philadelphia: Ashmead & Evans.

This is regarded as Mr. Kimball's finest literary effort. It is a story of American life; an every day, but deeply interesting story, the moral of which it would be well for thousands who are starting on their career of unscrupulous money-making, if they would take to heart. The hero is Hiram Meeker, a New Englander by birth, whose career as a business man culminates in New York city. Hiram is the incarnation of selfishness and hypocrisy, and the author lays bare his motives with wonderful power. Though a millionaire in the end, but few would class the paralytic, neglected old man, as having achieved success in life. There is no more disastrous failure for any man than money success at the cost of honor, virtue, and domestic love.

**HUSKS: COLONEL FLOYD'S WARMS.** By Marion Harland. New York: Sheldon & Co.

Marion Harland has fairly established herself with the public as a writer of fiction. She has good power of description, and a nice appreciation of character; and knows how to hold the reader's sympathies. "*Husks*" is regarded by many as the best novel she has yet written.



THE THOUGHTS OF THE EMPEROR M. AURELIUS ANTONINUS. Translated by George Long. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The Emperor Aurelius reigned for twenty years in Rome, beginning A. D. 161. He embraced the stoical philosophy, even in his youth, and studied and practised it through life. In his public life he sought to demonstrate the truth of the Platonic maxim, ever on his lips, that those states only could be good and happy which were governed by philosophers. The work now translated by Mr. Long, and entitled "Thoughts," has generally been designated as "Meditations." It was written originally in Greek, and is a sort of commonplace book, in which were registered from time to time the reflections of the author upon moral and religious topics.

A PRACTICAL GRAMMAR OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE; containing a Grammar, Exercises, Reading Lessons, and a Complete Pronouncing Vocabulary. By Wm. I. Knapp, Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in Madison University. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Knapp has had much experience in teaching, and is well advised of the difficulties at which learners generally stumble. The plan of the book is progressive, and the lessons are characterized by clearness and thoroughness. The writer is of opinion that it is a defect in many books of this kind that their authors were not Americans, and that they have necessarily, so to speak, given us the French side of the subject. He has, on the contrary, endeavored in the present volume to present the American side.

SOUNDINGS FROM THE ATLANTIC. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Philadelphia: W. S. & A. Martien.

This volume contains "Broad and the Newspapers," "My Hunt after the Captain," "Doings of the Sunbeam," and seven other articles from the pen of Dr. Holmes, who never fails to interest, no matter what the theme of discourse.

TALES OF A WAYNISH INN. By Henry W. Longfellow. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Philadelphia: W. S. & A. Martien.

We can do little more than announce this new poem, or series of poems. The rapid exhaustion of the first edition, and the continued demand, show how deeply the poet has touched the hearts of the people.

LIGHT ON SHADOWED PATHS. By T. S. Arthur. New York: Carleton. Price \$1.25.

All we can say of this book is to intimate, as in a preface, the purpose it is designed to serve. There are times when every one, no matter what may be the condition in life, has to walk along shadowed ways—has to go down into dark places, and dwell amid doubts and fears. The purpose

of this book is to cast light on these shadowed ways—to show that God's providences are not only intimate with every one, but full of wisdom and tenderest love. The form in which this is done is that in which the author's chief ability lies, and in which, therefore, he can work to the best effect—the form of imagined life-histories. The volume is designed to do good; and the author trusts it will not fail in its purpose.

The publishers of Home Magazine will send this volume by mail, post paid, on receipt of the price, \$1.25.

LOUIE'S LAST TERM AT ST. MARY'S. By the Author of "Rutledge," "Sutherlands," &c. New York: Carleton.

A new edition, with an acknowledgment of the authorship, of a book that attracted considerable attention when first published anonymously. The volume is dedicated to the memory of the late Bishop Doane, who had charge of St. Mary's, Burlington, New Jersey, at the period referred to.

#### BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

Ticknor & Fields have published a neat little volume, translated from the German by A. Stein, entitled "Little Anna: A Story for Pleasant Little Children." It is a charming book. From T. O. H. P. Burnham, Boston, we have a beautiful edition of Rev. Charles Kingsley's "Water Babies: A Fairy Tale for a Land Baby. The Author's Dedication reads, "To My Youngest Son, Grenville Arthur, and to all other Good Little Boys." "Mr. Wind and Madam Rain" is the title of a little book from the French, full of quaint and grotesque things for the amusement of the young folks; published by Harper & Bros. "Amy Carr; or, The Fortune Teller," by Caroline Chesebro, is an entertaining and useful story, from the press of M. W. Dodd, New York. The Harpers have reprinted Henry Mayhew's "Boyhood of Martin Luther," in which a life-like picture is given of the sufferings of the heroic little beggar boy, who afterwards became the great German Reformer. The book has many fine illustrations. The books of "Oliver Optic" have had an extensive sale. They are good and useful. The author has commenced a new series, called the "Woodville Stories," and we have the first volume from the publishers, Lee & Shepard, Boston. Its title is "Rich and Humble, or the Mission of Mary Grant: A Story for Young People." "My Days and Nights on the Battle-Field, A Book for Boys," by Carleton, gives a brief history of "how the rebellion came about," an account of "the gathering of a great army," and a description of battles in the West, from the capture of Fort Henry to the taking of Memphis. The author was an eye-witness and participant, and writes with great vividness. His book is deeply interesting. It is well illustrated.



## EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

### "SEVERAL THINGS."

That excellent little book, "THE PIONEER BOY," by my friend, the Rev. William M. Thayer, has deeply impressed me, as it must every reader, with the power of energy, and perseverance, and sterling principle to achieve a position and the right kind of success in the world. It has inspired me with a new confidence, if possible, in the institutions and national genius of our beloved country, certainly with a new joy and pride in them.

Where else in the world can we find a parallel to a case like this—this boy in that log cabin among the wilds of Kentucky, whose cradle was rocked in the midst of poverty, came up into his strong childhood through one long scene of privation and rugged toil, and harsh and coarse surroundings, that must have crushed all aspiration in a less resolute soul—this boy, reared in ignorance and hardship, whose only heritage was the name that an honest father and a Christian mother gave him, has taken his place among the honorable of the earth; his name is one which is a familiar sound on the lips of kings and princes; the eyes of the whole world are at this crisis turned in wonder and waiting to him; the nations afar off hang upon the words that he utters, and the land of his birth has conferred upon him the highest gift which it is in her power to bestow upon any man—this poor, toiling, unknown boy is to-day the President of the United States!

And for this, Abraham Lincoln has no one, under God, but his own brave heart, and steadfast soul to thank.

Nobody, divining the latent possibilities of the Kentucky farmer's son, came forward with helping hand and generous heart, and lifted him into an atmosphere of grace and culture. Nobody nourished the budding aspirations of this boy's lonely youth.

Strong right arm, and steadfast purpose which no obstacles could daunt, no disappointments vanquish, did the work for Abraham Lincoln. Through the slow years he kept on, bravely, resolutely; and to-day, in the high place where he stands, he has, as I said, nobody to thank but his God and himself.

Robert Lincoln, the eldest son of the President, has paid to the author of the "Pioneer Boy" a delicate and flattering compliment to the simple truthfulness of the book, when he wrote to him:—"I had heard many of the stories before, and your book revived them in my memory. They must be true, as I had them from a very reliable gentleman."

And yet, in reading this, the question will be very likely to slip in sometimes among a woman's

thoughts, "If this boy, Abraham Lincoln, had had a sister in just his position, how different life must have been to her!"

With the same energy, the same aspiration, and the same perseverance, how much harder her path would have been into any higher or better place in life.

Dear reader, the writer of this is among those who believe that women's greatest and best work is oftenest by her own hearth-stone; neither the rostrum of the orator, the pulpit of the preacher, the chair of the judge, much less the "White House," would she claim as the legitimate sphere of her sex.

And yet, it is impossible for any woman with eyes to see, and heart to understand, not to deplore the false pride, the foolish conventionalisms, the powerful social forces that lift themselves so many terrible obstacles in the way of a woman's advancement in her proper and rightful sphere.

Supposing, as I said, some girl's frail life had blossomed in that lonely Western log cabin, and as the years ripened over her, the better, finer part of her nature had asserted itself in half articulated aspirations, in hungerings, and thirstings, and clamorings that would not easily be let die.

Now, how much harder must have been the "working upward" for this girl than for her brother? She must inevitably have brought to the "tug and strain" of mind and body, less of physical strength, and somewhat of that constitutional delicacy and shrinking, which is one of the inherent and sweetest graces of her sex. All these must, in the nature of things, have been against her. But the world would have placed itself in her way with forces mightier than these.

Her lowly birth, her poverty, her toil, would all have been so many facts against her, facts that society would have recognized and thrust at her in a thousand ways that must sting and bruise a high and sensitive spirit; and what was the boy's glory would have been the girl's shame; and though a dead resolution in this matter, might in the end have conquered honorable place and position, still the chances would all have been against her.

The fine, brave spirit would most likely have chafed itself against the sharp rocks of circumstances, and at last have ceased to strive, and settled down in a kind of dumb despair to its hard and barren life in that Western cabin. There would have been of course a chance for her. She might have married some bright, sturdy Western youth, who could have fought his way step by step to place and influence, and at last have got footing in Congress or the Cabinet, but in this case the man would have pioneered the woman

through the rough passes of her life, and I am talking of the lonely, maiden girl going out, single-handed, to conquer her fate. For how many strong, generous, tender natures of women have been crushed by that social sentiment which at once depreciates a woman if she earns her own bread!

This nineteenth century does condescend in many localities to allow her to teach school without any loss of social position, but its graciousness ends then and there.

A man may go out into the world, and any sort of work is honorable for him, and will never stand in the way of his advancement; but with a woman—the case is altogether different.

I know in just what fashion men talk about this—sensible, kind-hearted men, who acknowledge and deplore such a state of things. I have heard them say, with a mingling of complacency and patronage, quite amusing when one knew how little they comprehended the subject, that women ought to be altogether above regarding this wrong social sentiment. She ought to live it down, and if she was fitted for household service to look the fact bravely in the face, and go into somebody's kitchen, and do her work there, with dignity and faithfulness, feeling that angels and all good men would applaud her. Now, it sounds very finely, to hear a man talk in this style, but there is a broad chasm betwixt the talking and doing; and for my own part, I should sympathize very keenly with the woman who, with refined intuitions and aspiring nature, shrank from going into anybody's kitchen as a servant.

Granting that in all respects her mistress was a model woman, and penetrated to the real essence of the character of her domestic, still I can fancy that in almost any conceivable case there must be many things in the relation to annoy and pain a sensitive woman; and men who talk, as a great many good men do, about the value of womanly independence, and living on that broader, higher plane where these things cannot reach nor harm one, these men just show a most lamentable and clumsy ignorance about the whole matter.

This little volume of my friend's has furnished me a good text for my editorial, and I have spoken simply and truly the things which have long been in my thoughts; and if I have spoken strongly, too, it is because I have felt fervently, and because my heart has ached with sorrow and indignation over the cruel hindrances which society has heaped up in the way of the progress and achievement of my sex.

But, dear reader, at the close let us turn the bright side of this subject towards us. There is broad and fair promise in the east. The school-houses scattered over all the land—the school-houses which are working under God the moral regeneration of this age, are doing their blessed work for those who are to be the women of the next generation. Everywhere their doors are

open—everywhere they invite the girls as well as the boys to enter and drink of their nourishing waters. And the future of woman shall not be as her past. That social tyranny, which has so long forged its heavy chains for our sex, is slowly yielding to the better sense and deeper sympathies of the age. I believe, oh, my reader, in the progress of humanity, and hope that the time is drawing near when woman may do her rightful service in the world in any place or way which does not limit or subtract from her womanliness, and be honored in so doing it wherever it lies, as man is in doing his; which day and hour may God hasten.

V. F. V.

#### OUR SOLDIERS.

I suppose that tens of thousands of women used to wonder when this awful cloud of war first broke in thunderings and lightnings over the land, how they could ever endure the sight of the maimed, crippled soldiers which the battle-fields would send back to us. And now we meet them with pale faces, and halting limbs, and lost arms, along all the streets; and if there is any woman's heart which does not grow sick for grief and pity looking on these wounded men, who have returned to us with such stern witnesses of the work they have done for our country, then is her heart less than that of the heart of woman. We long to go up to them and give them some poor words of sympathy and thankfulness, which coming right out of our souls shall reach theirs, and prove to them we are not ungrateful for the service which they have rendered us; for every man who has come to suffering and loss in his country's cause, ought in some sense to be a patriot and a hero in a woman's eyes until it is proven that he is neither.

How often an impulse seizes us mightily—an impulse which bears us on its great tidal, almost out of narrow conventionalisms and ordinary customs, to go up to some of these crippled men and thank them with such words as we can find for every mark of loss and suffering they bear about them, and which is their chiefest glory and honor.

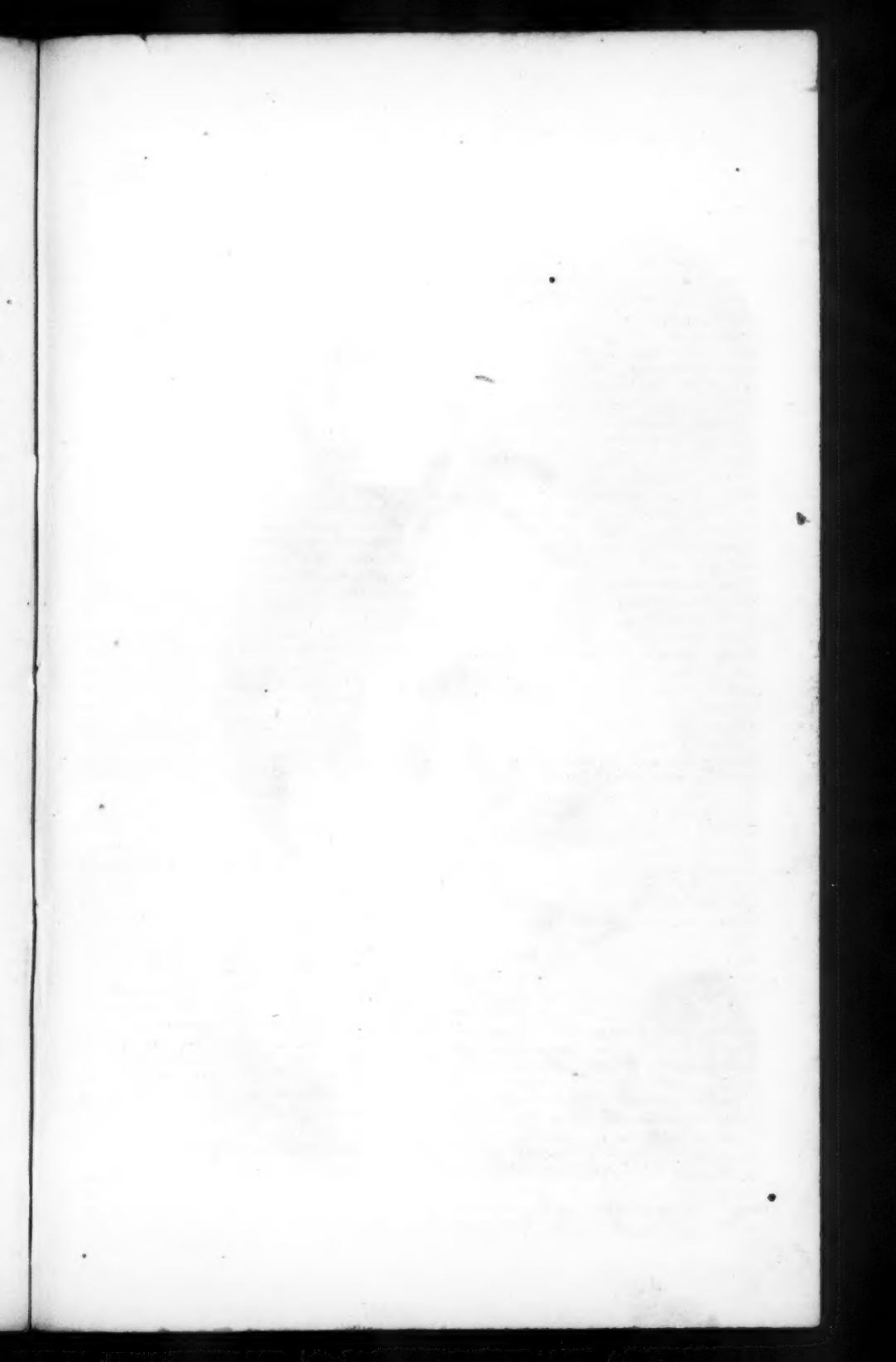
The impulse may not oftenest be followed for various reasons, but it is there, for we women can and do come up in feeling from the "flowery levels" of our lines to shake hands in sympathy and reverence with our soldiers, on their barren heights of hardship and toil and suffering.

We wish that they could understand and feel this as they cannot, and know that though we are not found in their hospitals or on the fields when the battle is over, still in heart and spirit we are with them through all these things.

V. F. V.

#### MR. ARTHUR'S NEW BOOK.

We will send Mr. Arthur's new book, "LIGHT ON SHADOWED PATHS," (see Carleton's advertisement in this number) by mail, postage paid, on receipt of the price—\$1.25.



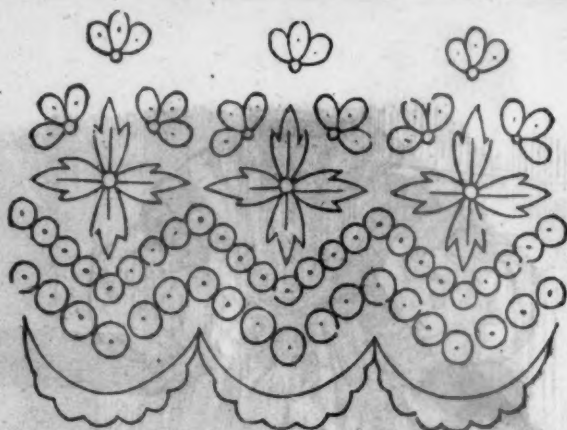


BALLAD SINGING.



BIRD AT THE WINDOW.

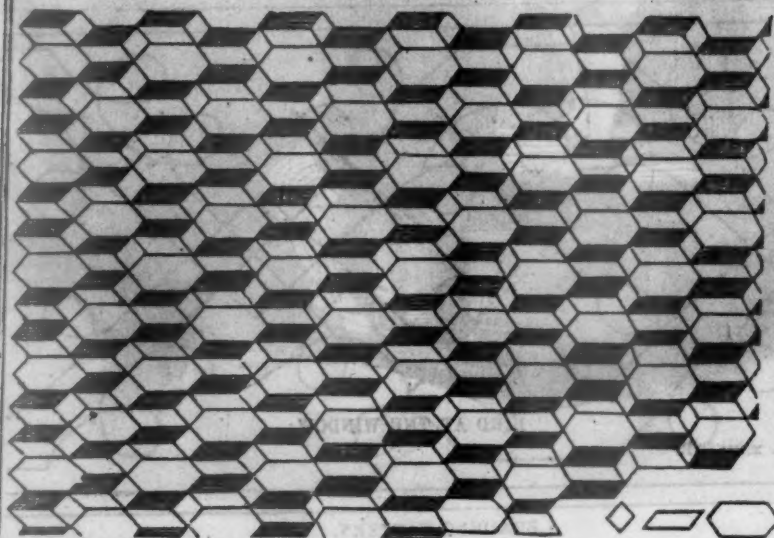




FLOUNCING.



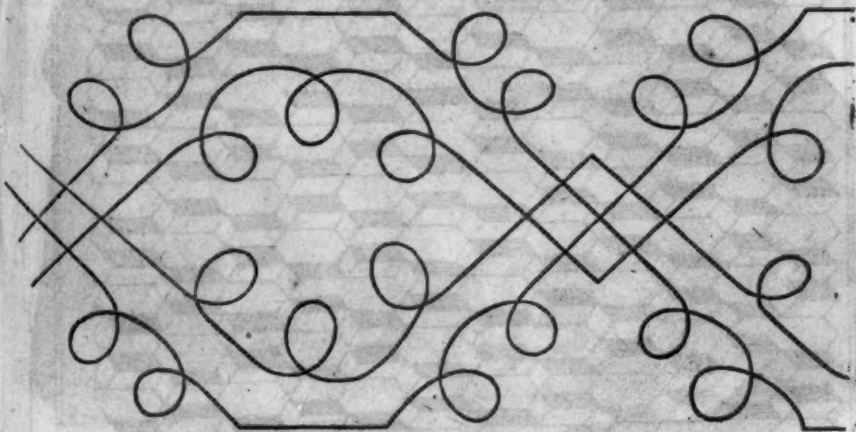
NAME FOR MARKING.



PATCHWORK.



DRESS FOR LITTLE GIRL.



BRAIDING PATTERN.

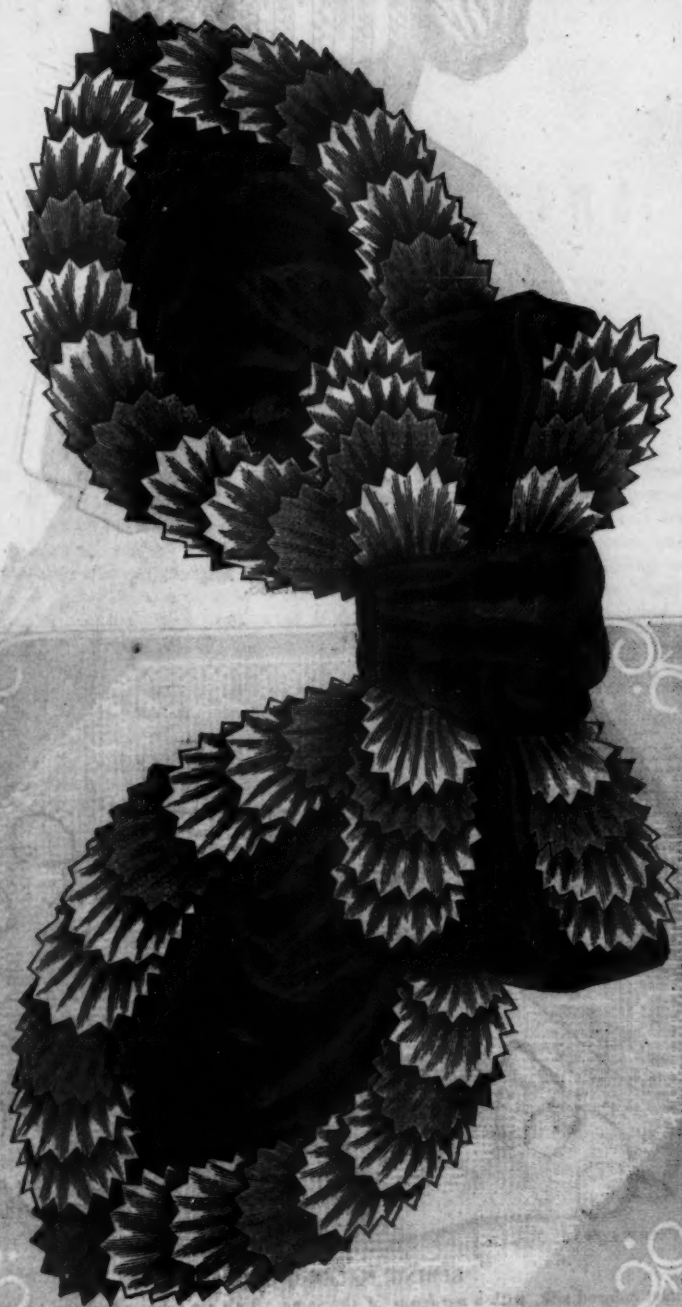


**SPRING WALKING SUIT.**

Dress of violet colored silk, with a *pardessus* of the same. Both are trimmed with a heavy chenille cord sewed on in a pattern. A white silk bonnet, with trimmings and cape of violet silk.

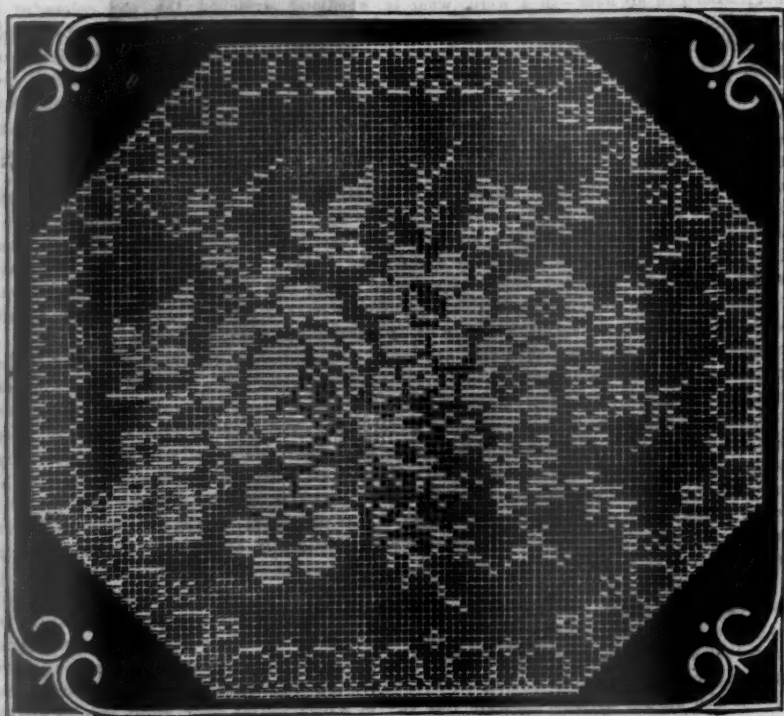
Of black velvet, bordered with purple or white ribbon cut in the form of shells.

NECK TIE





CHILD'S DRESS.



CROCHET TIDY.